THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 16. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

An Excellent Specimen of St. Patrick's Day Oratory Provided by Brother P. J. Casey, of Buffalo, N. Y.—Meeting of the Cook County Board of the Ancient Order Last Sunday —A Very Quiet Gathering.

The Unveiling and Dedication of the A. O. H. Monument in Mount Olivet to Take Place on June 20—Fine Meeting of Div. 36—Death of John Torley, of Glasgow—Other News.

I have scanned the reports of all the St. Patrick's Day celebrations throughout the country, and waded through the ponderous oratory which flooded the banquet halls or reverberated through the auditoriums where gathered the sons of Ireland to share the feast substantial or indulge in the flow of soul. It was a wondrous uprising of the cultivated Irish-Americans to the necessity of the children of the Gael iterating their devotion to the land of their forefathers. The ideas expressed were loftier than of recent years. No whining talk of union of hearts around the festal board of the Hibernian hosts. There was stern determination to return once more to the old, old cause voiced in every sentence. There was a gleam of steel between every line which augurs well for the spirit dominant among our young men.

Among all the brilliant contributions to national oratory in '97, the stirring address of my friend, Brother P. J. Carey, of Buffalo, delivered at St. Brigid's hall in that city, stands forth as a bright particular star among the glittering galaxy that illumined our Saint's natal day. I congratulate my good friends in the city of the bison on their good fortune in having in their midst so able an exponent of our principles, so staunch a champion of the good old cause. Brother Carey is the A. O. H. editor of the Catholic Union and Times, whose facile pen has awakened the envy of "Mor" and his western confreres. A child of the province which gave Ireland's bar a Curran, her verse a Davis, Brother Carey has inherited an eloquence of tongue and poesy of thought racy of the soil and worthy of his forefathers.

The County Board was as quiet as a meeting of the Quaker persuasion on Sunday last. Scarce an orator present. A charming relief to the tongue-tied, whose gall for once was not stirred by the pale of envy, and lay dormant on the stomachs of the witless. A committee on picnic was selected and given full power to act with due consideration to the expressed opinion of the Board that the date selected should be the third or fourth Sunday in July, and location somewhere outside of the city. Judging from the names on the committee I am confident of an early and complete report reaching the membership at large. It was also decided that any surplus funds on hand after payment of cost of monument should be put in a building fund with a view of erecting an A. O. H. hall in the near future. The readers of THE CITIZEN will recall our frequent appeal for attention to this important matter, and I heartily welcome the practical resolve of the Cook County Board, assuring the officers the project will receive the earnest support of every division within its jurisdiction.

June 20 has been selected as the date for the unveiling and dedication of the A. O. H. monument in Mount Olivet. As the occasion should be one of imposing solemnity and magnificent display, the officers of the divisions should inspect the banners and regalia of the members, so that none should be lacking in appearance. Can not an earnest effort be made to equip Company B of the Hibernian Knights in time to add to the numbers of our uniform rank?

Div. 36 had a splendid gathering at its meeting on the 9th inst. Several prominent members of the County Board were present. The attraction was an elaboration of the initiation ceremony, submitted for the consideration of those present as likely to make more interesting, if possible, occasions of like nature. After business was duly dispatched a feast of reason and flow of soul was indulged in which whiled away the hours until after 11 o'clock. The meeting broke up—every member pleased with his experience. No programme had been prepared, but there was no necessity with the excellent impromptu material present. Interesting and practical addresses were delivered by Vice-County President W. J. Doherty of Div. 23, Past County President P. B. Flanagan of Div. 12, President John E. Long of Div. 13, President P. J. Sullivan of Div. 8, President M. Blake of Div. 4, also from Brothers L. Reynolds of Div. 26, J. J. Sherlock of Div. 8, T. J. Sherlock of Div. 2, E. Reardon of Div. 5, D. Collins of Div. 4, Owen J. Cullen of Div. 8 and P. O'Neil of Div. 26. Brother M. F. Fanning rendered a pathetic recitation with the charm which only so good looking an amateur could lend to gild his dramatic ability. Songs were sung in excellent style by Brothers O'Neil of Div. 26, Baker of Div. 23, Collins of Div. 12 and Fitzpatrick of Div. 36. Brother John P. McGoorty closed the evening with a happy valedictory cunningly interwoven with flattering reference to each visitor present, speeding the parting guests to their distant homes hypnotized in the belief that the Hon. John was chief spellbinder in the halls of legislature at our State Capitol. The evening was remarkable in many ways of new experiences, and may be copied by other divisions with profit and amusement.

It may interest many old country members to hear that John Torley, of Glasgow, has joined the great majority, and rests after a lifetime of labor in behalf of 'race and country. Born in Glasgow he was as interested a Celt as ever enlisted in Ireland's cause. Positive in character, he probably differed from many, but working according to the light vouchsafed him he did his best. May he rest in peace.

The close of last month and the beginning of the present witnessed such a press of copy peculiar to the election season that some of our "gossip" fell by the wayside. From the last mentioned I resurrect the visit of State President Keating to Joliet to attend a joint gathering of the Will county membership and the Daughters of Erin of the Stone city. Among the numbers on the programme of the day was a report of the A. O. H. real estate committee, which afforded great pleasure to the visitor. From the statement submitted it appears the A. O. H. have purchased $5,000 worth of property on which to erect an A. O. H. hall, and propose to devote all proceeds of picnics, entertainments, etc., to a building fund. After the report was read, explanatory addresses were delivered by County President John F. Quinn and Brother John T. Donoghue. An excellent programme afforded much amusement. There were songs, speeches and recitations. Will county A. O. H. are a go-ahead class of men whose good example is worthy of imitation.

County President William F. Reilly, of Sangamon county, has added another division to his roster, and promises yet another before June 1. If Sangamon keeps up this pace, in a year hence, when we assemble in state convention, the country representatives will be in great force.

It will be gratifying news to the A. O. H. of Illinois to learn that State Secretary D. J. McGlynn has been elected city attorney of East St. Louis. Success follows every step of our State Secretary, and he can have none greater than his friends and associates hope will crown his efforts. As our prophetic eye pierces the misty future we see him perched in the gubernatorial chair of the great prairie state, with the shadow of the presidential mantel draped in the background awaiting the arrival of the child of Macoupin county, as true a Hibernian as ever crossed the threshold of a division meeting. MOR.

Div. 17 will hold their next regular meeting on Easter Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 p. m. Business of importance to every brother will be taken up and discussed, and it is hoped that every member of the division will be present. Visiting brothers are always welcome. The month of May is fast approaching, the month Div. 17 always selects to go in a body to receive holy communion, and we have practically decided to turn out the fourth Sunday in that month in company with Div. 20. The brothers who have not yet procured regalias are requested to do so at once (they can be got at Brother John Beegan's store, 224 South Halsted street), so that we will be able to march in full uniform and force and do justice to the name of the A. O. H.

Div. 28 had a very interesting meeting on Wednesday evening, April 7, at their hall, 1292 West Van Buren street. The hall was decorated with the national colors and the mottoes of the order. Two new members were initiated and four candidates elected to membership. Three good speeches were made by Brothers Gearin and Twomey and the Rev. Father Burke, chaplain of the division, all of whom dwelt upon the necessity of building up the division on an intellectual basis, and urged the members to study Irish history by readings, recitations and debates in their meetings, a feature which must impel success by making the meetings interesting, thereby insuring the attendance of members. The meeting closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

A Peep Into Africa.

The eastern coast of Africa was an unknown region in Marco Polo's day, and when he had traveled so far to the southern end of Asia that he began to get glimpses of Africa, he could not believe that he heard reports from the eastern side of that continent—of which he already knew something, as it formed the southern border of the Mediterranean Sea. So he speaks of Madagascar (which he calls Madeigascar) and Zanzibar (which he calls Zanghibar) as though they were parts of India. If we remember that Marco was the first writer, European or Asiatic, to mention Madagascar by that name, and almost the first to give the world any information concerning that unknown land, we may excuse the fact that his geography is sometimes mixed. But his descriptions of the people and the animals of eastern Africa are pretty accurate, as may be seen:

They are all black, their hair is as black as pepper, and so frizzly that even with water you can scarcely straighten it. And their mouths are so large, their noses so turned up, their lips so thick, their eyes so big and bloodshot, that they look like very devils: they are in fact so hideously ugly that the world has nothing to show more horrible.

There are also lions that are black and quite different from ours. And their sheep are all exactly alike in color: the body all white and the head black; no other kind of sheep is found there, you may rest assured. They have also many giraffes. This is a beautiful creature, and I must give you a decription of it. Its body is short and somewhat sloped to the rear, for its hind legs are short while the fore legs and the neck are both very long, and thus its head stands about three paces from the ground. The head is small, and the animal is not at all mischievous. Its color is all red and white in round spots, and it is really a beautiful object.

The women of this island are the ugliest in the world, with their great mouths and big eyes and thick noses. The people live on rice and flesh and milk and dates; and they make wine of dates and of rice and of good spices and sugar. There is a great deal of trade, and many merchants and vessels go thither.—"The True Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks, in April St. Nicholas.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

For three years Jeremiah J. Sisk has commanded Company F of the Seventh regiment; and no greater compliment could be offered to his integrity, to his ability and untiring efforts on behalf of his company than his re-election, on Monday evening, by the unanimous ballot of his company. He entered the State service as First Lieutenant of Company C, Seventh regiment, and was elected Captain of Company F on April 4, 1894. The company was then new in the service and required a steady hand, a clear head and an unwavering fidelty to obtain some degree of success, not only in full ranks and harmony, but in that which are the first essentials of a soldier—military discipline and knowledga. That he has succeeded in this is attested by the appearance of the company—by its military movements and manner. Capt. Sisk is manager of the Hyland Publishing Company, a member of the Columbus Club, Sherman Council, A. L., and Americus Club. Sociable in manner, by nature a soldier, by inclination a guardsman, it would be difficult for him to be other than what he certainly is—an enthusiast in everything that appertains to the National Guard of Illinois. The Seventh regiment is beginning to realize the benefits which are to be derived from the service of men who have served a number of years faithfully and well; for such men, as the older regiments know, are the ones who can and may be relied upon in the future; and the members of Company F may well be greatful for their own wisdom in electing Capt. Sisk, whose name is now entitled to a place on the "veteran roll" of the officers of the State.

During the coming month the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association will organize baseball, football, tug-of-war and various other teams and clubs to represent the regiment during the coming season. Members of the regiment who are desirous of a place on any of those teams are requested to notify the secretary as early as possible. Every applicant will be given a trial. Uniforms and equipments for these teams will be furnished to every player free of cost. The executive committee will meet in the armory every Monday and Friday evenings, and entries for any event can be made on those nights. Lieut. H. M. White, of Company L, is president, and the executive committee is composed of two representatives from each company. All money received through entertainments and other sources will be used to equip teams and furnish a first-class gymnasium, to which every member of the regiment shall have free access at all times.

The Non-Commissioned Officers Association of the Seventh regiment met last Monday evening for school and drill. The attendance at school is improving very rapidly, and under the command of Sergeant Major James Kelly, if they keep on at the rate they are going now, some of them will become first-class tacticians. After drill they held a stag party and entertained themselves and a host of friends. Music, singing, boxing and step dancing composed the programme, and the first stag party of the association was a grand success.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

THE SHAMROCK.

The spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock;
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blessed St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves;
They decked the banners of our chiefs
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs.
Our country's cherished shamrock;
The muse inspired with words of praise
The poets of our early days,
To write in many a glowing phrase
And sing in powerful, thrilling lays
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the shamrock,
When on the feast of St. Patrick's Day
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland far away,
He feels again youth's genial ray,
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gems of the rarest flowers
That ever bloomed in Eastern bowers
Possess for him not half the powers
That dwell within the shamrock.
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
The past with all its charms renew,
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew,
The faithful friends, the cherished few
He left to cull the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May heaven's love upon you smile,
And banish foes that may beguile
The lovers of the shamrock;
May god forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony,
And rank the proud 'mid nations free,
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock.

—London Weekly Sun.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

On next Thursday evening, April 22, the regular meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held in Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street, beginning at a quarter past 8 o'clock. Members and others are requested to note the time at which the meeting will be opened, and to bear in mind the fact that the officers intend to live up to this announcement with punctuality. Hitherto it has been customary to allow an extra quarter of an hour after the advertised time for commencing business. This has had the bad effect of causing members to stay away until the expiration of the "grace" time, and necessarily delayed the termination of the meeting to that extent. Those who intend being present will, therefore, please note that the notice is positive, and will be observed as closely as possible.

The following programme has been prepared, and as many of the names thereon are familiar to patrons of Central Music hall, Lyceum and other high class entertainments, no comment here is necessary:

Selection of Irish Airs on Piano.....Prof. T. J. Purcell
Vocal Solo.....Miss Corinne Faro
Recitation.....Mr. Myles Sullivan
Vocal Solo.....Master James Dohney
Recitation.....Miss M. D. Donahue
Vocal Solo (Moore's)...Prof. T. J Purcell
Vocal Selection. Illinois Male Quartette
Vocal Solo .... Miss Hannah McCarthy

Secretary Sherlock has been very lucky in securing—thanks to Mr. A. P. Miller of 279 South Claremont avenue—the services of the Illinois Male Quartette. They will prove a big drawing card at the Lyceum, and the number of professional engagements which pour in on them at their headquarters at 84 Adams street, testifies to to their merit and popularity.

The question of debate will be: "Resolved, That Women Should be Granted the Elective Franchise." The affirmative will be upheld by Judge Thomas A. Foley of South Chicago, while lawyers J. H. Condon and M. H. Hoey will speak in the negative. The subject itself is suggestive of a large audience, while the well known orators above named, together with the many impromptu speakers, indicate that it will be wise for those who wish to secure seats to get to the hall at 8 o'clock, or as soon after as possible. Free tickets may be had on application to T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 193 Dearborn avenue.

This will be the last regular meeting preceding the Lyceum ball, which will be held in Oxford hall, on Saturday evening, May 1. Arrangements for the ball are almost completed, and the committee is sparing no effort to provide a time unprecedented for pleasure and social enjoyment. The members, friends and well-wishers of the Lyceum anxiously await "May-day," when all the "May-queens" will betake themselves to Oxford hall to fittingly terminate their day of brightness and joy accompanied by their admirers, all forming a throng of light and happy hearts, thanks to the Irish-American Lyceum.

J. J. S.

OBITUARY.

MR. JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY.

Mr. Jeremiah J. Crowley, son of Mr. J. J. Crowley, died at his residence, 3718 South Halsted street, March 26, after a few days' illness, of bronchial pneumonia, aged 23 years. The deceased was born in Ireland, but came to Chicago when very young. After graduating in the public schools of this city, he returned to Ireland where he completed his education three years ago. Mr. Crowley belonged to the St. Brendan's Court, C. O. F., whose members showed their appreciation of their deceased brother's exemplary character by attending the funeral in a body. Mr. Crowley was a general favorite, and his kind, generous disposition won him hosts of friends, as could be seen by the large and representative cortege that accompanied the remains to Nativity church where requiem high mass was celebrated, and afterward to Mount Olivet cemetery where they were interred. The sermon at the church was preached by Rev. M. O. Sullivan of Lemont. He referred in touching words to the amiable qualities of the young man, whose early demise had taken from their midst a good citizen, a fervent Catholic and an affectionate son. Requiescat in pace.

MR. WILLIAM BEYE.

Mr. William Beye of the McNeil & Higgins Company, wholesale grocers, a prominent citizen of Oak Park, and once assistant treasurer of Cook county, died at his home, 242 Maple avenue, Oak Park, last Monday, from the after effects of the grip, which terminated in congestion of the brain. Mr. Beye was born in Germany in 1842, and came to this country when a boy, making his home with John Allen of Elk Grove. He enlisted in the Eighth Illinois cavalry as a private in 1861, serving till the end of the war, and securing an honorable discharge as sergeant. He attended the Elgin academy and then took a position in the county treasurer's office, Jesse W. Allen being treasurer. Mr. Beye was retained during the administration of Thomas Osborne. In 1880 he resigned and went into the commission business with James C. Howell and J. H. Heald. He then became interested in the McNeil & Higgins Company. Mr. Beye had been a member of the Board of Education of Oak Park for seven years, and personally superintended the building of the Oak Park high school, the South school and the Harlem avenue school. He was chairman of the finance committee at the time of his death. Mr. Beye was systematic to the minutest detail, always carrying a memorandum book, in which he jotted down every receipt and expenditure. In 1879 Mr. Beye was married to Miss Nellie Lombard of Boston.

BURIAL OF JOHN M. DANDY.

The body of John M. Dandy was buried on Friday week in Rosehill cemetery, only immediate relatives being present. The body reached Chicago on Thursday from California, where Mr. Dandy died of consumption. Rev. Dr. Wilson read the Episcopal burial service at the interment.

FIRST ABBOT OF MELLIFONT.

(Communicated.)

Rev. Thomas Taafe, parish priest of Tullyallen, County Louth, Ireland, has undertaken the laudable duty of erecting close to the ruins of far-famed Mellifont Abbey—one of the holiest and most historic spots in Ireland—a memorial church to its first abbot, St. Christian O'Conarchy. The parish of Tullyallen, though now sharing in the widespread ruin that has followed the track of the ruthless invader, was in the olden day of Ireland's history famous as a seat of learning, that sent forth its missionaries to the Continent, to spread the truths of the gospel. Monasterboice and Mellifont—separated only by a few miles—are names to awaken reverence for the past, and high hopes for the future of Ireland.

The ruins of Mellifont Abbey are situated in the parish of Tullyallen, near the banks of the Boyne, a few miles from Drogheda. It was one of the most renowned, and first of the ecclesiastical buildings established by the Cistercian monks in Ireland. Here they dwelt for over four hundred years, nursing and feeding the sick and poor, besides educating the youth of the country. Few spots in Ireland, or, in fact, in any part of Europe, are so rich in pre-historic, pagan and historical remains, as the country surrounding Tullyallen. In the great tumular and massive cairns along the banks of the Boyne are interred the most valorous of the chieftains of old. In early Christian times the names of the saintly St. Malachy and the great St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, in France, are associated with the place, and in more recent times, quite near by, was fought the most accursed battle ever fought on any soil the inglorious battle of the Boyne.

It is Father Taafe's intention to replace the old church at Tullyallen, now in such a state of dilapidation, as to be past repair, with a modest modern structure suited to the wants of the parish. For this purpose he appeals to the friends and children of the parish scattered over the world for their assistance. The natives of the parish now residing in New York, in response to an appeal from Father Taafe, at a meeting held recently, appointed Mr. Patrick Reynolds, No. 350 East Fifteenth street, New York, as treasurer, and they unite their appeal with Father Taafe's to all former residents of the parish, now in America, for their generous support. Donations may be forwarded to the treasurer named, or direct to the Rev. Thomas Taafe, Tullyallen, Drogheda, Ireland. Father Taafe received recently the following letter from his eminence the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland:

"I heartily approve of your design to build a new parish church for Tullyallen. The state of the old church, which is neither safe, comfortable for the people, nor becoming the divine worship renders your project a very necessary one. I earnestly recommend, both to your own people and the charitable public, the appeal you are about to make for friends to carry out the good work. I am very glad to learn that your own people have been so generous up to the present, and I trust that their own generosity and self-sacrifice will contribute to enlist the sympathy of their neighbors in their behalf. Praying that God may especially bless all who aid you in your good work, I am, dear Father Taafe, yours most faithfully,

MICHAEL, CARDINAL LOGUE."

Euchre Party and Entertainment.

A grand euchre party and entertainment will be given by the young ladies of St. Malachi's parish, Wednesday evening, April 21, at 8 o'clock, in St. Malachi's school hall, Western avenue and Walnut street. The committee of arrangements comprise the following young ladies: Tessie B. Ferron, Minnie McGinnis, Sadie Connelly, Gusta Malley and May Schofield. Tickets 25 cents, including refreshments.

To Beautify St. Vincent's.

For the purpose of securing funds to furnish and decorate St. Vincent's church, Webster and Sheffield avenues, a concert will be given at the church on Easter Monday evening. The church is to be dedicated May 2, and the concert will offer the last opportunity to hear secular music in the fine new structure. The programme is in charge of Mrs. W. A. McGuire. Among those who will be heard are Mrs. W. A. McGuire, Miss Antoinette McGuire, Miss Adele Blouer, Miss Kittie Richards, Thomas Taylor Drill, Frank Rosbvach, Sig. Tomaso, Bernard Hemmerbach and the St. Vincent's double quartette.

Thanks the National Benevolent League.

CHICAGO, April 6, 1897.—To the Supreme Council National Benevolent League:—I am constrained to express to your Order my heartiest appreciation and gratitude for the exceeding promptness and dispatch with which I have been cared for since the death of my father, Michael McMahon, who was a member of Washington Council, No. 1. I have received payment in full, $1,000, even though my father was only two months in the Order. I heartily recommend the Order to all my friends, and am now seeking admission myself. With sincere thanks, and with earnest and best wishes for the success and welfare of your worthy Order. I am, respectfully yours,

MARY MCMAHON,
27 West Fourteenth place.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopeia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. NOYES, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

KENTUCKY, KANSAS.

POLITICAL LYING IS BEING DONE IN BOTH STATES

On One Side or the Other—Charges of Bribery Positively Made and Sworn to and as Positively Denied on Oath—Record Is a Black One Whether There Has Been Any Bribery or Not—Lewelling's Repudiates the Charge Against Him.

Frankfort, Ky., April 13.—The local grand jury is going deeply into the bribery charges against ex-Representative Hunter and his lieutenants. Not only were the nominee, and Franks and ex-Representative Wilson before the body yesterday, but late last evening a half dozen senators and members, including all those who contended that Dr. Hunter was in his room on the night of April 1, were summoned and examined. Later Captain Gaines, who swears that Hunter came to his house on the night mentioned was recalled, and afterward his wife went into the jury room. A part of Hunter's testimony was a reiteration of his public statement that he had never seen Gaines and never was in his home in his life. The jury adjourned for the day without bringing any indictments or other report. It is reported that the investigation will take even a wider scope at today's session. The charges against Hunter are that there was $20,000 offered to secure his election and that in furtherance of this offer to buy votes he went to Captain Gaines' house on the night of April 1. Hunter claims an alibi.

Gold Democrats Get Restive.

Meanwhile the harm, if any, done Hunter by these charges and their publicity are in a measure discounted by a break between the Blackburn Democrats and the gold Democrats. The latter have been assisting in breaking a quorum because of the imminent chance of Hunter's election. They say that they will do so no longer, because the Blackburn Democrats will not help, or agree to try to help, elect Martin or any other compromise candidate, and because they are pledged to some kind of an election which will be impossible so long as quorums are prevented. They promise to begin voting again today on every ballot. This will force all to vote, and with all voting Hunter would but one really new vote to secure his election. This, with all voting, is liable to come at any moment from some of the three factions opposing Hunter's election. The Blackburn people, nearly always a unit in anything they undertake, have progressed far enough in their shrewdly worked no-election scheme to be now candid about it, and they now say: "We'll have no election, or force the sound money Democrats into being responsible for the election of a Republican."

Matters Close to a Crisis.

The Hunter men were busy yesterday afternoon collecting their scattered forces for a final effort today. They announce that they will win on the next joint ballot unless all signs fail, and every means known to the politician is being used by them to not only keep their men in line but to secure the necessary additional vote from the outside. Many legislators are of the opinion that matters have reached a crisis, and that the tension which has been tightly drawn since the session began will culminate today in the election of either Hunter or the compromise Democratic candidate, Harry L. Martin.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF BRIBERY

Develops in the Inquiry Into Kansas Legislative Doings.

Topeka, Kan., April 13.—Further evidence of bribery was developed before the legislative investigating committee yesterday afternoon. State Senator Campbell, of Labette county, said he had been approached in the senate cloak room by a man who offered him several hundred dollars to vote for the Hanna stock yards bill. He refused to give the man's name. Asked if it was not Legislator Walters, of Labette county, Campbell refused to state, saying it would come out later. He was willing to say, however, that State Senator Hanna had sent a note to a member of the house asking him to see him (Campbell) and urging him to vote for the Hanna bill. At another time he had been approached by one Corning, but nothing definite came of it.

Dr. Marks, representative from Jefferson county, said he was approached by two men, and that one of them said that if he (Marks), as a member of the conference committee, would block the text-book bill he would be given $2,000. Senator Lupfer, who also was on the conference committee, had said he, too, was approached with a similar proposition.

"Was that the only time you were offered money?" Committeeman Outcalt asked of Marks. "I decline to answer that question." "Did you not once say to a friend that you had been offered a certain proposition by a certain man, naming that man?" "Yes, sir."

Dr. Marks refused to give the man's name. "That conversation was over some champagne after we had passed a certain bill. Ravenscraft, Simmons and other members were present and we were feeling pretty good. We had no expectation of an investigation at that time."

Outcalt endeavored to get Marks to admit that the proposition was made by W. L. Johnson, a druggist of Atchison, but he steadfastly refused.

D. J. Hanna, brother of State Senator Hanna, denied the statements made last week by Representative Metzler and reflecting on him. Hanna said that Metzler had told him he was ready to be bought by the railroads and asked Hanna to look out for any chance to pick up $100 or $200.

Ex-Governor Lewelling has published a statement declaring that those who have charged him with any crookedness are lying and that it is a conspiracy of falsehood against him.

BIMETALLIC COMMISSION NAMED.

President Appoints Three, Two of Whom Are Free Silver Men.

Washington, April 13.—The president last night announced the following appointments of commissioners for the promotion of an international agreement for bimetallism: Senator Edward O. Wolcott, Hon. Charles J. Payne, ex-Vice-President Adlai Stevenson.

In a quarrel over politics in a St. Louis saloon Henry Erb shot and fatally wounded John Swering. Both used their guns.

FALLING FROM CAIRO TO HELENA.

Mississippi River Is All Over the Country, However—The Destitute.

Memphis, Tenn., April 9.—Telegrams received from the flooded area of the Mississippi delta report the situation unchanged. A heavy rain accompanied by a strong northwesterly wind prevailed all the afternoon. Information from the Flower Lake crevasse says that the break is 1,700 feet wide. Every effort is being made to tie the ends of the levee. The town of Lulu is entirely shut out except by telegraph. Yesterday was ration day for the destitute refugees at Rosedale, and a more poverty-stricken band of negroes than those gathered at the place of distribution would be hard to picture. The news had become current among the negroes that the government had sent rations, and many who were yet able to take care of themselves were grievously disappointed at not finding their names on the relief roll.

At Helena the river has fallen two feet and eleven inches since the levee gave away on Sunday. The backwater in the southern part of the city is at a stand. Many flood refugees are being taken to Helena, and the number in that city will now probably reach 3,000. The relief committee is doing good work and no complaints have been made. The river is falling at all points between Cairo and Helena.

Grand Forks, S. D., April 12.—Early yesterday morning the Red river was about stationary. Since it began falling Saturday afternoon it has gone down about three inches. This may be due to the steamers which went down the river in the afternoon, opening some of the gorges, but it is the general opinion high water mark has been reached. The highest point touched was Saturday, when it registered a trifle over two feet higher than in 1882. The next trouble now is mostly to come to come from the Red Lake river. If the Red river continues to fall it may bring it down low enough to give the Red Lake a swift current, and in addition to raising the water here bring down a vast amount of ice.

PENSION AGENCIES WILL STAY.

No Consolidation as Intended by an Order Issued by Cleveland.

Washington, April 13.—The president has determined to rescind the order issued by President Cleveland consolidating the pension angecies. The order is to take effect Sept. 1, but doubtless will be rescinded long before then. Commissioner of Pensions Evans shares this opinion and he has forwarded for the consideration of the president and Secretary Bliss a report setting out that instead of making a saving of considerably over $100,000 in the way of clerk hire, etc., it would increase the expenditures by $200,000. This is accounted for by the character of the business of the agencies, the report claiming that the agencies consolidated with others are "cheaper agencies"—that is, agencies where rentals, clerk hire and similar expenses are not comparatively high.

New York, with a pension roll of 52,000, is shown to have a clerk hire allowance of $36,000, the same amount accorded the Columbus, O., agency, which has double the pension roll, or 104,000. In this conection these figures are given as significant: New York, 52,000 pensioners, $36,000 clerk hire; Columbus, 104,000 pensioners, $36,000 clerk hire; Des Moines, 56,000 pensioners, $24,000 clerk hire; Knoxville, 56,000 pensioners, $22,000 clerk hire; Boston, 54,000 pensioners, $28,000 clerk hire; Buffalo, 46,000 pensioners, $24,000 clerk hire; Milwaukee, 50,000 pensioners, $19,000 clerk hire.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Lawmakers at Washington.

Washington, April 8. — The senate passed a house bill appropriating—in response to a presidential message setting forth the need thereof—$200,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers on the Mississippi river and the Red River of the North. The balance of the day was taken up with Morgan on Cuba and an executive session.

The house passed the flood sufferers' relief bill as in the foregoing, and upon Simpson demanding the appointment of committees and declaring that the house was ruled by the speaker and threatening to stop all business by consent if the committees were not appointed, Speaker Reed explained that it was the general opinion that there was no necessity for committee appointments at this session, and denied that he was anything but the representative of the house, to do its will.

Washington, April 12. — The house Saturday did nothing but talk politics. Simpson tried to obstruct legislation by demanding a quorum, but a quorum was present. As a matter of fact there was no legislation, and the house adjourned to Wednesday after a desultory and uninteresting political talk.

Washington, April 13.—The senate did nothing yesterday in the way of business. It was in session only a few minutes, and the death of ex-Senator Voorhees having been announced adjournment immediately followed as a mark of respect to the deceased ex-senator.

Denied by Prince Constantin.

New York, April 12. — The Press prints the following from its special correspondent at Larissa, Thessaly: I had a personal interview with the Crown Prince Constantin, commander-in-chief of the Greek troops, at his headquarters here this afternoon. The prince talked freely of the situation now confronting the people. He said: "The incursion into Turkish territory by several rebel bands of armed Greeks was wholly unauthorized by me, and absolutely against my policy and my instructions from the king. Their attack upon the Moslems will by no means be used as an excuse to begin war, and I shall do my utmost to prevent a repetition of such a violation of the neutrality laws. The Turkish position captured by these rebels will not be occupied by the Greek army, nor will we aid the invaders in any way. I shall remain here without taking any aggressive action unless forced to, no matter how long it may be, until the Cretan question is finally settled."

Report of the Wheat Condition.

Washington, April 12. — The report of the department of agriculture for April makes the average condition of winter wheat 81.4 against 99.5 on Dec. 1; 77.1 last April and 81.4 at the same date in 1895. Leading winter wheat states show average as follows: Michigan, 85; Indiana, 65; Illinois, 40. The average rye condition was 88 against 82.9 last year.

FLAMES MAKE HAVOC

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION AT KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Four Men Known To Be Lost and One Hurt Unto Death, with Probably More to Add to the List—Property Worth $1,500,000 in Ashes.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 9.—Never in the history of Knoxville has the city suffered such a loss by fire as it did yesterday. The very heart of the city, including some of the largest wholesale and retail business houses in the south, was destroyed. The loss is variously estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, with about 60 per cent. of insurance. The loss of life is very uncertain, as the register of the hotel in which fifty-six people were sleeping was burned. The proprietor of the hotel says that he had five or six guests who have not put in an appearance. A. E. Weeks, of Locke, N. Y., drummer for a Rochester stamping company, is known to have perished in the flames. R. W. Hopkins, a St. Louis drummer, was last seen in the burning building in a suffocating condition. W. H. Kephart, ex-secretary of the chamber of commerce, saved the life of John Bogle, an old farmer, by dragging him to a window and letting him out on the roof of another building. Kephart jumped one story and was injured.

Imminent Peril of a Woman.

When the firemen thought all the inmates of the hotel had escaped a woman with an infant in her arms rushed to the rear window and screamed for help. A net was quickly stretched and the woman asked to drop the child out, but as the smoke almost choked her she told them that if one had to die, both would die. The woman was finally rescued by the firemen. From the hotel building, which is five stories, the fire spread east and west, and a stiff wind made the flames very ugly and the fire department was inadequate. In the wholesale hardware house of W. W. Woodruff & Co. a large dynamite explosion occurred, and scores of people were hurt by flying brick and glass.

Used a Howitzer on the Blaze.

It became necessary at last to have the walls of one building blown down by cannon to stop the mad career of the fire. A mountain howitzer of the Knoxville legion was called into play and a load of canister did the work, at the same time tearing up some residences in a different part of the city. The city authorities, realizing that the fire department was unable to conquer the flames, telegraphed to Chattanooga for assistance. An engine was placed aboard a flat car and started the run of 111 miles which was made by Engineer Robertson in 109 minutes, breaking the record. When the engine arrived here the fire was about under control, yet the Chattanooga boys did some good work.

FURTHER RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

One Man Falls Dead from Fright—List of the Known Lost.

Altogether twenty-seven firms were burned out, including the hotel. A cabinetmaker named P. C. Dyer fell dead on the street from fright. A man named Robinson from Pulaski, Tenn., is supposed to be another victim. He was registered in the hotel and has not shown up. A large force of men is at work clearing away the debris and searching for the bodies. The street car lines are completely tied up and all the electric companies have suffered. One Knoxville architect has received orders for plans for eleven buildings to take the places of the ones burned. All the buildings are to be replaced at once. It is more than probable that J. C. M. Bogle, the old gentleman hurt in the hotel, will die. He inhaled flames and can neither speak nor swallow.

The last man to leave the burning hotel says that he is positive that five or six persons were burned. He ran over three or four men in the hallways who were suffocated. J. M. Dean, of Kansas City, who jumped from the burning building, tells a thrilling story of his escape. He started out with only a nightshirt on, and had that torn off before he reached the street. His room mate, W. A. Tabor, was more fortunate, having saved two shirts. The T. P. A. members of the local post took care of all the drummers, buying some suits out and out. W. H. Mitchell, of Abingdon, Va., jumped from the burning building to the bank building.

U. I. Johnson, a railroad baggagemaster, came down from the fifth floor hand over hand on the water pipes before the fire engines arrived. Only one of the guests saved any of his effects.

The list of dead and injured so far reported is as follows: Dead—A. E. Weeks, Locke, N. Y.; R. W. Hoqkins, St. Louis; —— Robinson, Pulaski, Tenn.; S. E. Williams, Springfield, Mass. Injured—J. C. M. Bogle, Tennessee, burned and will die; D. M. Dean, Indianapolis, ankle sprained; Tom S. Peck, Morristown, Tenn., ankle cut and sprained; Lieutenant Hood, Knoxville police, cut on face and head by glass from explosion; Claude Harris, Knoxville, cut in a dozen places; Policeman Asquith, burned and cut by flying glass; Policeman Duncan, badly burned; Fire Chief McIntosh, bruised from fall; W. H. Kephart, Knoxville, internally hurt.

Bryan Hurt at a Speaking.

St. Augustine, Fla., April 9.—Hon. W. J. Bryan was injured here yesterday afternoon by the caving in of the piazza from which he was speaking. Nearly 400 men and women were precipitated about twenty feet to the ground and many of them were injured, but none fatally. Bryan was picked up unconscious and removed to a physician's office, where an examination revealed that he had received no injuries of a serious character.

Ten Thousand Rebels Surrender.

Washington, April 12.—Spanish Minister De Lome has received advices that 10,803 rebels in the Philippine islands have surrendered. Aside from a few maurauders in the province of Nueva Reija the remainder of the islands is quiet. This surrender the minister regards as practically settling the rebellion.

Child Killed While Riding a Wheel.

Baltimore, April 12.—Hortense Rogers McIntire, the 7-year-old daughter of Representative W. W. McIntire, was killed Saturday while riding a bicycle. The little girl, who was a novice on the wheel, was practicing a short distance from her home, when she fell in front of a wagon loaded with lumber.

TALL SYCAMORE FALLEN.

Death Strikes Down the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees.

Washington, April 12.—Daniel Wolsey Voorhees, whose death occurred in this city last Saturday, had been ill for some time, and with a disease that always carries off those upon whom it once fixes—itself—angina pectoris. He was 76 years of age last September, and prior to his retirement from public life on March 4 last had been for many years one of the most picturesque figures in the senate. He was born in Liberty township, Butler county, O., and in his early infancy was carried by his parents to their pioneer home in the Wabash valley, Indiana. In 1849 he was graduated from the Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) university, and began the practice of law in 1861. His first public office was entered upon in 1858, since which time he had been almost continuously in the public service. That office was United States district attorney for Indiana. His congressional career began in 1861, and he went to the senate in 1877 by appointment, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Oliver P. Morton, and because of his long experience in the house was assigned immediately to the finance committee, a very unusual honor in the case of a new senator.

Senator Voorhees was latterly one of the ardent admirers and supporters of the United States greenback, and beginning his senatorial service with a most eloquent speech in favor of the preservation of the full legal tender quality to this money he never abated at any time his earnest advocacy of the greenback. In appearance Senator Voorhees was one of the most striking figures in the senate. He was familiarly known as "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," by reason of his large and magnificently proportioned figure. As an orator he had few peers, commanding a magnificent vocabulary and imbuing his utterances with a degree of earnestness and feeling that strangely influenced his auditors.

His legal reputation, in fact, was based largely on his forensic powers, and it is an undoubted fact that success attended his efforts in many cases commonly regarded as almost hopeless, owing to his ability to sway the jury by the magnetic qualities of his address.

TWO BRIGANDS ROB A BANK.

Walk Off with $4,400 in the Business Center of New York Town.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 13.—Shortly after noon yesterday two men entered the Yonkers Savings bank on Getty Square, in the heart of town; held up Lyman Cobb, the aged cashier; stole $4,400, and escaped. About 12:15 o'clock, when no one was in the bank but the cashier and Treasurer Williams, the latter in an inner room, a young man, cleanly shaven and dressed in a light suit of clothes, entered and engaged Cashier Cobb in conversation, telling him that he expected to meet a friend there who would make a large deposit. The young man turned to go, and the cashier returned to his desk, under which he noticed something black which he at first thought was a dog. The black object sprang up and moved toward the cash drawer.

The startled cashier turned to the window, expecting assistance from the young man with whom he had been talking. The young man, however, covered the cashier with a revolver. The man inside also held a revolver to the cashier's head while he transferred packages of bills to his pockets, dropping a $500 package in his haste. With his revolver still covering the cashier the man on the inside backed slowly to the gate, opened it and passed out, walked through the narrow passage in front of the executive office door and around to his companion. The men hurried out of the door, keeping Cobb covered with their revolvers to the last. When Cobbb recovered from his surprise he grabbed his revolver and started after them, but they had disappeared.

Has to Shut Out Callers.

Washington, April 13.—When he returned to the White House yesterday afternoon the president announced that he could see no callers in connection with private affairs during the remainder of the day. That was the first application of a new rule which the president decided upon while on his trip. Hereafter he will not receive personal calls after 1 o'clock, but will devote his time after that hour each office day to the consideration of matters of public business solely.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, April 12.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 65⅞c, closed 67¾c; May, opened 66c, closed 68c; July, opend 65⅞c, closed 67½c; September, opened 64⅜c, closed 65⅝c. Corn—April, opened nominal, closed 23¾c; May, opened 23⅝c, closed 24c; July, opened and closed 25½c; September, opened 26½c, closed 26⅞c. Oats April, opened nominal, closed 16¼c; May, opened 16⅜c, closed 16⅝c; July, opened 17½c, closed 17⅝c; September, opened 18½c, closed 18⅝c. Pork—May, opened $8.42½c, closed $8.55; July, opened $8.55, closed $8.67½. Lard—May, opened $4.22½, closed $4.27½; July, opened $4.32½, closed $4.35.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 17½c per lb; extra dairy, 16c; fresh packing stock, 9@10c. Eggs—Fresh, stock, 9c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c; per lb; chickens, 7½@8c; ducks, 9@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 18@24c per bu; Hebrons, 18@20c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, 50c@$1.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@1.75 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 12.

Estimated receipts of cattle, 14,500; in good demand and a trifle higher on the best steers; some salesmen quoted an advance of 10c. Receipts of hogs, 20,000; active, and about a nickel higher; roughs, $3.60@3.75; prime heavy packers and good mixed, $4.05@4.12½; prime mediums at $4.15; prime light, $4.05@4.10; a few at $4.15. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 16,000; lambs back again to $6.00 for prime Colorados, after selling as low as $5.80@5.95 last week.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, April 12.

Wheat—Firmer; No. 2 spring, 68¾c; No. 1 northern, 74c; May, 68½c. Corn—Firm; No. 3, 23c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 19¼@20c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 31@32c; samples, 26½@30½c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 33@33½c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, April 12.

Wheat—Cash white, 87¾c; cash red, 88¾c; May, 89¾c; July, 72⅝c asked.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, April 8.—The legislature was in session again yesterday. The governor sent to the senate the following appointments which were confirmed: Members of the Illinois commission of claims—J. G. McKenzie, of Elizabeth; Walter Louden, of Carlyle; W. C. Jones, of Robinson. Grain inspector at Joliet—Thomas Stevenson, of Joliet. Grain inspector at Savannah—F. E. Lewis, of Thomson. A bill was introduced and sent to second reading repealing the city civil service law. The following bills were passed: Compulsory education law; offering a bounty of 10 cents a head for crows; extending from three to ten days the time for claims for sheep killed by dogs; exempting from garnishee the proceeds of the sale of exempt property.

In the house the speaker counted a quorum as the national speaker does, and will do so whenever necessary hereafter. The Democrats had refused to vote on a resolution to investigate the cause of the deficit in the state revenues, and on its passage it got 66 votes. After counting others present and not voting the speaker declared the resolution carried. Democrats raised an uproar but were ignored. A bill was introduced to repeal the city civil service law, and the bill making corporations responsible for damages arising from the fault of their employes was passed.

The house Republicans caucused last night and resolved that no member be absent without leave hereafter this session and that the congressional and senatorial apportionment bills be passed.

Springfield, Ills., April 9.—Governor Tanner sent to the senate yesterday a new board of Lincoln park (Chicago) commissioners, but the senate refused to suspend the rules to go into executive session and confirm the nominations. A motion to postpone the Humphrey street railway bills to next Wednesday prevailed, and a similar motion, naming Thursday as the time, prevailed as to the two Chicago revenue bills.

The house recalled the judicial apportionment bills to second reading and struck out the Tanner amendment. The bicycle baggage bill was practically killed by a refusal to suspend the rules and take it up. Bills were passed to enable corporations created for the purpose to transact a surety business in this state, and to become surety on bonds required by law; authorizing the election of a board of school directors in Marion county; to permit graduates in osteopathy to practice medicine. A number of bills were advanced to third reading.

Springfield, Ills., April 13.—Owing to the absence of a quorum no business was transacted in the senate yesterday. After reading the journal it adjourned to day. In the house a bill was introduced by Cochran amending the municipal civil service act by giving ex-Union soldiers and sailors the preference in appointments. All the house bills on the calendar in the order of first reading were advanced to second reading. Adjourned.

Live Stock Quarantine Declared.

Springfield, Ills., April 13.—Governor Tanner has issued a proclamation upon the recommendation of the state live stock commission scheduling the territory described by the secretary of agriculture of the United States against the Texas or splenic fever, and prohibiting cattle therefrom shipped into this state between Feb. 15 and Dec. 1, of each year, in accordance with the regulations of the state live stock commission.

Rev. James Miller's Insurance.

Bloomington, Ills., April 12. — Mrs. Sarah V. Miller filed a suit here against the Knight Templars' Life Insurance company for $10,000. She is the widow of Rev. James Miller, who was found dead last fall in Decatur, with a bullet hole in his head. The coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide, and on that ground the company refused to pay his life insurance.

Assets Exceed Liabilities.

Quincy, Ills., April 9.—The J. R. Dayton Tablet company closed yesterday under chattel mortgages of $25,000 to Ricker National bank, of Quincy; $14,000 to Mrs. J. Kibbe, of Springfield, and $4,000 to Kimberly and Clark company, of Appleton, Wis. The total liabilities are $85,000; assets said to exceed $100,000. The company will be reorganized.

Pauper Who Is Heir to $20,000.

Springfield, Ills., April 9. — Arthur Quinn, of this city, who is at present an inmate of the poor farm at Bloomington, is heir to a fortune of $20,000 by the death of his brother, Frank Quinn in Philadelphia five years ago, and the latter's wife, who died recently in Pennsylvania.

Pioneer Merchant Dead.

Bloomington, Ills., April 9.—Stephen Smith, a pioneer dry goods merchant of Bloomington, died suddenly yesterday afternoon, aged 70. He was one of the best-known merchants west. He celebrated his thirty-seventh anniversary of beginning business at Bloomington last Monday.

On a Railway Inspection Tour.

Springfield, Ills., April 13.—The Illinois warehouse and railroad commission commenced their annual tour of inspection of all roads in Illinois this morning. The first road inspected will be the entire lines of the Illinois Central.

State Notes.

Alfred Johnson of Sugar Grove, Ills., had his left arm torn off in a corn shredder and may die.

One hundred men employed in various capacities in the shops of the Chicago and Alton at Bloomington, Ills., were given their time Saturday night. Among these were men who for forty years have had steady employment with the company.

The head of a woman was found in a pasture five miles from Mount Vernon, Ills., and the balance of her remains were found scattered around. Clothing was also found that was worn by a woman seen in that town last October.

His physicians and family believe that ex-Mayor Cregier, of Chicago, has passed the crisis of his illness, and barring unexpected developments, will recover.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 7.

Sixty secretaries of leading building and loan associations of Chicago met at Chicago in a preliminary movement to form a clearing house.

It is officially announced that rain is falling throughout the whole of northwest Bengal and the provinces of central and northern Punjab, India.

Captain Evan P. Howell, for years the head of the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, has retired from the management of the paper and is succeeded as editor-in-chief by his son, Clark Howell.

George Williams, alias John Vallins, who escaped from the Iowa state penitentiary March 29, is in custody at the Central police station, Chicago.

The Venezuelan congress has unanimously ratified the Guiana boundary treaty negotiated by the United States.

Edward Freer, the 10-months-old child of Richard Freer, of Chicago, had both his eyes burned out by a 2½-year-old brother named Russell, who did it for amusement.

Thursday, April 8.

Italian canned tomatoes are supplanting the American tomatoes at Belfast, owing, as the dealers say, to the fact that the American vegetable is overcooked and over-ripe.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is passionately fond of bullfights, and makes it a rule to visit the "ring" whenever she is in Spain.

Governor Jones will call an extra session of the Arkansas legislature for April 26 to take action on a no-fence law.

William E. Mikell, a prominent member of the bar from South Carolina, has been appointed instructor in law at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mme. Melba will sing with the Damrosch company next season.

A sensation in Austrian parliamentarian circles if the elopement of a young daughter of Dr. Ferdinand Kronawetter, leader of Vienna Democrats and member of the reichsrath.

Friday, April 9.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the social reformer, and six nurses have left London for the Island of Crete. Lady Somerset and B. F. Keith, of Boston, financing the mission.

By the will of the late Miss Winifred E. Martin, who died at the Hotel Altamont, Baltimore, nearly, if not quite, $1,000,000 is bequeathed to various Roman Catholic churches and charities in Maryland and California.

Rhode Island has elected Elisha Dyer, Republican, governor, by a majority of 10,000.

Frank Brede, aged 64, a retired business man, for fifty years a resident of Dubuque, Ia., and one of the wealthiest and best-known citizens, was stricken with paralysis and died within two hours.

Four children were drowned at Mound Landing, Miss.

General Julio Sanguilly, the Cuban leader, has been arrested by United States authorities at Jacksonville, Fla., on the charge of attempted violation of neutrality laws.

Saturday, April 10.

Mrs. John Lang, of Derby, Conn., hanged herself in her home during a fit of melancholia after having beaten her 16-months-old child on the head with a blunt instrument. The child will die.

Schrader, the "divine healer," who achieved much notoriety in Denver some months ago, has located in Providence, R. I.

The Greater New York charter has been returned to the legislature with the disapproval of Mayor Strong, of New York, and Mayor Wuerster, of Brooklyn.

Colonel William R. Shafter, First infantry, U. S. A., has been nominated to be brigadier general.

The Globe Fleur mills at Cornwall, Ont., were burned. Loss, $33,000.

David Brown, of Chicago, died at the county hospital from the effects of supposed arsenic poisoning. The man, it is said, attempted to commit suicide at his home.

Alonzo J. Whiteman, ex-mayor of Duluth, has been acquitted of the charge of grand larceny at New York.

The LaCrosse, Wis., gas works have been sold to the Edison Electric company, of LaCrosse.

Monday, April 12.

An Austrian has invented a lace-making machine that makes lace not distinguishable from handwork.

A party of prominent railroad officials and others has just left Milwaukee, where it had been in connection with the reorganization of the Wisconsin Central property.

A Louisville newspaper gave a concert Saturday for the benefit of the Mississippi valley flood sufferers and raised $1,800 net.

The Burlington (Ia.) street railway was sold at public sale to a Boston syndicate for $50,000. One hundred thousand dollars in improvements will be made by the new company.

Ed Geers, the horsemen, was thrown from a sulky at Selma, Ala., and had one wrist broken and his ankle dislocated. Pneumatic tube exploded.

The cotton losses of the Mississippi river flood—in crops that will not be grown—are estimated at $50,000,000.

Secretary Long has referred to congress all of the bids and letters received by him touching the armor plate question.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

DIONYSIUS' EAR.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

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General Oleg Gedeonoff was a huge old man. His body was immense, his limbs were tremendous, and his head—with its hirsute wealth of grayish hair, big beard and great mustache—seemed simply vast. He was so large that, even at a distance, people felt a sensation of being jostled if he was in sight. When he conversed, the windows rattled; when he sneezed people afar off exclaimed "God bless us!" and when he snored remote neighbors who knew not the cause of that awful sound loaded guns and sat up all night. In short, nature had evidently made him to be a governor, and the czar, in recognition of his long and gallant service in the army, appointed him to rule over the province of Kabarda. He was styled general because that was his last rank in the army, and indeed he looked as if he never had been anything else, as if he had been born a general.

Few if any persons ventured to affirm that Kabarda was not dull. But General Gedeonoff did not complain of it. He cared nothing for social life, had distractions of his own and probably would have been contented in any place where he could be governor. And he was a pretty good gov-

"IS HE AFRAID?"

ernor, since he never went out of the way to do any mischief knowingly in his official capacity, and was really kind hearted. His only fault was that he confided too implicitly in a sort of factotum named Boris Razin and delegated to him at times too much authority. That, however, is one of those things which right themselves eventually, as they did in this instance very finely.

The general's distractions, to which allusion has been made, were, as he persuaded himself, scientific. As everybody knows, the newspapers of Russia are permitted to publish almost anything except news, and one that came every week from St. Petersburg to the governor of Kabarda gave much of its space to scientific experiments. Under the head of "Electricity" it taught "how to make a battery with a shaving mug and a very little flowerpot;" under "Acoustics," "how to make an Æolian harp with threads in a window;" under "Chemistry," "how to make crystals of rock salt;" under "Natural Philosophy," "how to balance a fork on the edge of a wineglass;" under "Magic," "how to cook an omelet in a hat," and so on. And the old general amused himself by doing all those things. The one that pleased him most was "how to reproduce Dionysius' ear." It cost him a good many rubles to fix up a pretty little room so that he, at his desk in another apartment 50 feet away, would hear even a whisper in that reproduction of the fabled chamber of the Syracusan tyrant. Luckily he kept the knowledge of his triumph to himself and the one person who aided him, his charming adopted daughter Maria, the child of his friend Colonel Karatevnik, who, dying in his arms on the battlefield, bequeathed her to his care.

Only one thing troubled the good general—he vehemently suspected his nephew, Vladimir, and Maria of contemplating marriage, to which he would have offered no objection had they asked his permission before falling in love with each other, but which stirred all his antagonism when he deemed they had ignored him.

"If such important matters," he said to himself, "are to be settled in my own household without my consent or even knowledge, God knows into what disorder and riot the rest of the province may plunge without even a thought of me. It will be quite forgotten that I am governor."

And he grew exceedingly impatient, for the time was short for a certain programme he had outlined to himself.

"My dignity," he reflected, "will not permit me to ask questions. I must seem to discover the situation by accident. Then I shall be furious and punish them by a little wholesome terror—she of being sent to her agonizing cat of an aunt, he of being shipped off for a year's journey. But at our Easter Sunday feast I will forgive them and announce the betrothal. Yes, but it is Good Friday already, and I know nothing yet of the affair—officially."

Just then Maria poked her pretty head in at the door of his study, where he sat smoking, and said timidly and hesitatingly, "May I talk a little to you, dear father, of something private?"

"Aha," he thought, "the sweet child comes to confess. I shall be good to her. Now I will not even shake at her that grisly terror, Aunt Anastasia." And, to

"YOU NEED NOT FEAR A MAN WHO LOVES YOU."

encourage her, he said in tender tones that could not have been heard farther than across the street:

"Come in, dear child. My heart always answers 'Yes' to your eyes before your tongue has time to ask."

"You are very good to me, dear father, but I have never before had to come to you with anything like this."

"No, I believe not," he replied knowingly, "but some time it comes to every one."

She looked puzzled, but went on, "A certain poor little girl is very much in love."

"Good! Good!" he responded in an affectionate roar. "That is as it should be. So I would have her. The more love the more happiness. But why did not the timid fellow come along with you? Is he afraid?" He had forgotten all about his programme.

Maria was bewildered. "He come along! Oh, she has not dared to say anything to him about it! He would break the rascal's head. Then what might happen to him?"

The governor's eyes grew very round and big. Deliberately he laid his big pipe on the table, scratched his chin, stared at her and rumbled, "Whose head would he break?"

"Boris', of course."

"Now, why the devil should Vladimir break Boris' head?"

"Vladimir! What has he to do with it?"

"Yes, that's what I want to know."

"You did not let me tell you. It is about Natalia. Boris persecutes her, and she detests him. She loves Feodor Danilov, and Boris swears to send him to Siberia if Natalia does not give him up."

A dangerous light gleamed in the general's eyes, but he only said, with ominous gentleness, "So he will send somebody to Siberia?"

"Yes. And Feodor, who loves Natalia dearly, if he knew how Boris persecutes and frightens her, would kill him. Having constant access to the house on your service, Boris makes opportunities daily for threatening her. She wanted to beg your protection, but feared you would roar at her and favor Boris."

"Natalia is a very good girl, and I am fond of her, but she is foolish. She was a pet of my poor wife, who raised her from childhood and left her to my care. Is it likely I would give her to that ugly Tartar faced rascal? She should know me better. But I am curious to hear him. Tomorrow when he comes at the usual hour for orders, let him find her in Dionysius' ear. And she must draw him out. You at the same time come here to me. But have you nothing to say to me on your own account?"

"N-no," she stammered, blushing. "But I saw Vladimir at the door, and perhaps he has something to say."

She ran swiftly away, and the general was still chuckling when Vladimir entered.

* * * * * * *

Boris Razin glided stealthily along the corridor, listening at closed doors, peeping in at open ones, until he caught sight of Natalia sitting before a window, sewing, in a small octagonal room. Softly he stepped inside and closed the door. She looked up, startled.

"Don't look so frightened," he said, grinning. "You need not fear a man who loves you as I do if you will only be sensible. I have been looking everywhere for you."

"I did not wish to see you."

"Very probably, but I chose to see you, which is more important. I saw fit to remind you once more of what will happen if you do not tomorrow give me the answer I expect."

"You will have no other answer from me than that I have already given to you, neither tomorrow nor any other time."

"Listen to me, Natalia Ilovaiski. You will meet me in the church before the al-

"MERCY! HAVE MERCY!"

tar when the candles are lighted and the priest blesses the cakes. Then and there in the holy presence you will promise to be my wife. If you do not, you know what I shall do."

"I do not."

"I shall send Feodor Danilov to Siberia."

"I do not believe you. You cannot. He is guilty of nothing. The governor will not condemn him without reason."

"The governor! I can wind him about my finger. Reason sufficient will be found."

"I shall go to the general and tell him all."

"It would do you no good. I shall simply whisper to him that Feodor is a nihilist and show some proof I have ready. Then, pfwit, our little brother Feodor will go to Siberia for life. And it will be you who have sent him there by refusing me."

The girl burst into tears, and he glided away, turning back at the door to hiss to her, "Remember at Easter matins you save or ruin Feodor." Presenting himself in the governor's study for orders, as was his daily duty, Boris found there his master and Maria, who frequently served as the general's confidential amanuensis. She was writing, and the general made him a sign to wait a moment. In a few moments she stopped and gave to the old man what she had written. He read it over, smiled, put it in an envelope, which he secured by a great blob of wax stamped with his own seal and then gave it to Boris, saying pleasantly, "Keep this carefully and bring it to me tomorrow after the Easter matin service."

* * * * * * *

The last glorious chords of the triumphal Easter matin music floated away over the heads of the congregation crowding the church. Worshipers exchanged the "kiss of peace" and the salutation "Christ is risen!" Candles lighted at those upon the altar spread their flame to others until everywhere were the twinkling lights. The priest bestowed his blessing upon the cakes offered by the devout. The joyous turbulence prevailed which distinguishes the observance of this the greatest festival of the Greek church.

Threading his way through the throng, cursing in his heart those who detained him at every step with their salutes, Boris Razin sought Natalia. At length he found her, not before the altar, but near the door, going out.

"Christ is risen!" he proclaimed, placing himself before her.

"He is risen!" she responded, submitting with a shudder to his "kiss of peace."

"Natalia, what is your answer?" he

demanded, low at her ear, while still bending over her. "Will you be my wife?"

"Never," she answered so emphatically that those near by turned to look at her.

"We go the same way," he said, with a ferocious smile, and placed himself at her side. "I have business with the governor."

They walked together, he threatening as usual, she in silence, wondering why Feodor did not appear and fearing he would. When they reached the governor's study, he entered, and she, a little to his apprehensive annoyance, followed him in.

General Gedeonoff loomed up at his official desk. Maria sat near him.

"Christ is risen!" declaimed Boris.

"He is risen!" echoed the general, conforming to the universal custom of the day, but growling as an appendix. "And Judas' troubles are about to begin."

"Here, your excellence, is the envelope intrusted to my care," Boris reported, drawing it and a folded paper together from his pocket. "And here is a warrant for your excellency's signature, authorizing the arrest of a nihilist conspirator."

"His name?"

"Feodor Danilov."

"No, no, your excellency! It is a false charge!" cried Natalia in terror, clasping her hands imploringly.

The old governor waved her aside, and looking piercingly at the accuser said in a tone of curious and surprised interest: "So you have had the courage to attempt winding me about your finger? I am not aware that any one has done that yet and fancy I would not like it, particularly to be wound around a finger so dirty as yours always is."

"I never said anything of the sort. I swear that I did not. She has been lying about me." And he pointed at Natalia.

"She has not until just now said a word."

"I heard you," interpolated Maria.

"Your excellency is mistaken," stammered Boris, beginning to feel frightened.

"No. She is not, miscreant!" thundered the general. "I myself heard you. Your words were written down as you uttered them. Open that envelope which you saw sealed a minute after you left Natalia and have had ever since. Read."

Boris was so terrified that he did not even notice several persons entering the room behind him. His trembling fingers tore open the envelope, and he hastily scanned the sheet it inclosed. "It is witchcraft!" he shrieked. "Mercy! Have mercy!" and dropped upon his knees.

"Oh, yes! The merciful deserve mercy," boomed the general deliberately. "I shall not have you knouted, and that is conceding more than you deserve. But I think you will go to Siberia. Search him!"

Two men sprang forward and seized Boris. He howled, but ventured no resistance. From one of his pockets they dragged a tract.

General Gedeonoff looked it over and rumbled: "'Hail, Brutus!' A fine title; nihilistic literature if there ever was any; caught with it in possession. Now, Boris, I'm sure you'll go to Siberia."

The wretched schemer was overwhelmed. It would do him no good to explain that he meant to slip that damning little sheet into Feodor's pocket to insure his conviction. The question would still remain where he got it, and he feared his purpose would not be approved. Then that witchcraft recurred to his memory and crushed him. He wept in despair, for he knew himself doomed.

But one pleaded for him. Natalia knelt before the governor and prayed. "Oh, your excellency! He will repent and sin no more! Pardon him this time!"

"No," answered the old man sternly. "He who betrays justice and plots to ruin another by perjury is even a more infamous wretch than a nihilist. This time I shall be sure of sending to Siberia one who belongs there. Take him away. There! Now he is gone, don't talk about him any more. Let me get the taste of him out of my mind. Come in, Vladimir, and stand there beside Maria. And you, Natalia, put yourself by your lover, Feodor, on this side, that I may have you all paired before me. And now, my children, as governor, friend and father, I give to your union official sanction, earnest congratulations and paternal blessing."

At the Boarding House.

"Yes, Mr. Jones, at this Easter season I always provide for the inmates of my humble home a diet largely of eggs—not from motives of economy, as you insinuate, but because of their appropriateness to the season."

"You can't convince me, madam, that last Easter's eggs are appropriate this Easter's dinner. That's all I'm kicking about."

Obvious.

"Do you believe, Mr. Jones, that the glad Easter festival we are celebrating was really suggested by the heathen customs?"

"Believe it? I know it. The heathen are alive yet, too, most of 'em, making out bills for Easter bonnets."

THE EASTER BELLS.

WHEN THEY FIRST BEGAN TO RING THEIR INSPIRING MESSAGE.

The First Church Bell Ever Made—How It Revolutionized Church Architecture and Implanted a New Ceremonial In the Rites of the Church.

There is nothing more expressive of Easter joy than Easter bells. Even more than the chaste and modest beauty of the lily, or of vernal flowers massed around altar and chancel, do their thrilling, exultant tones typify the gladsome spirit of Christianity's chief festival, proclaiming the glorious tidings of Christ triumphant over death, the inspiring message of eternal life forevermore. A benison, a psalm of thanksgiving, an anthem of victory, peals forth from Easter bells in every clime, circling the earth from pole to pole and softly fluttering heavenward to the great white throne.

When and where did the first bells ring out at Eastertide? What manner of folk were the first worshipers who listened with rapt attention to their commanding and clamorous call? Was it in Palestine or Egypt or Greece or the farther western countries? Many times have thoughtful Christians asked themselves this same question, and great is the number who would be glad to know the answer. To learn it we must take a look backward over nearly 16 centuries, before the great schism of 729, when the Christian church was one and undivided.

About the year 431, when Naples was a settlement of Roman villas in the luxuriant plains of Campania, there lived in Nola, a considerable city of that province, one Paulinus, now a duly canonized saint of the Roman church. He was not only bishop of Nola, but also the abbot of a flourishing community of monks, monastic life even at that early date having obtained a firm foothold in the primitive church. And he was a bishop of considerable note, whose name and fame have been handed down to us both by history and tradition.

Besides that, he was a church builder. In Nola, the seat of his bishopric, he erected a basilica, or church modeled after the style of the Roman courts of justice, many of these structures having been handed over by Constantine to the early Christians as places of public worship. Paulinus dedicated his basilica to St. Felix, in celebration of whose virtues he annually composed an ode, calling him his patron, his father, his lord.

Now, it happened that in the monastery ruled by Paulinus small hand bells were rung to notify the flock to betake themselves from the refectory or the dormitory, as the case might be, to their lectures and prayers, this usage of the bell being derived from the ancient Romans, who were summoned to their public baths by these little tintinnabulators, and they were used in their public processions as well. Observing their great convenience and noting further the great carrying power of their tones, Bishop Paulinus conceived the idea of utilizing this effective instrument of sound to notify the monks and the neighboring worshipers at the shrine of St. Felix of the times for holding the church services.

It seemed to him a more appropriate as well as a more orderly call to prayer than many of the rude methods then in vogue

THE BAPTISM OF THE BELL.

among the various branches of the church. These included, for instance, private notification, the strident vociferation of the town crier, the striking of a hammer on a piece of metal, the beating of gongs or cymbals, or the blasts of the trumpet after the ancient fashion of the Greeks, the Israelites and the Egyptians.

Necessarily Paulinus had to have manufactured for the business in hand a bell of much greater dimensions than the little tinkler which did duty in the monastery. But this was easily accomplished. The next problem that vexed the worthy prelate's mind was where to place his new contrivance, so that its voice could be heard from afar.

There was, however, on the roof of the basilica of St. Felix a sort of cupola known as a lantern. It was open on all sides, its principal purpose being, as its name implies, to give light to the interior of the structure on which it rested. It was in this lantern that the bishop of Nola yoked the first church bell.

Most probably it was of the miter class and looked for all the world like a good sized metal bowl with a clapper inside. Nor was it a large affair. The fifteenth century was well advanced before bells of any considerable dimensions were fashioned.

At any rate the worthy bishop's bell was set up in its place, and right royally did it serve its purpose. One can easily imagine the flutter of excitement it caused among the good people of Nola in those placid times and fancy the congregation of St. Felix, in picturesque garb and sandaled feet, wending their way to their church, guided by the clanging reverbations of that wondrous bell, which rang out its Easter roundelay on the plains of Campania nearly 1,600 years ago. In those days it must have seemed as marvelous to them as the telephone did to us.

Truly that was a momentous Easter, and the excellent prelate's new departure was destined to have farreaching consequences, of which his sincere and single minded soul could never have had the remotest conception. Without specially intending it he had developed the best method yet discovered for signaling by sound for long distances, a discovery that could be applied to all manner of uses in the practical affairs of life. From Nola the use of church bells soon spread over Christendom, and at the beginning of the seventh century Pope Sabinius, by some erroneously supposed to have been the inventor thereof, did all he could to encourage their adoption.

It was probably not a great while thereafter that the custom of baptizing church bells originated. This process, according to a high authority, includes "naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, sponsorial engagements and every initiative accompaniment which marks the admission of rational beings into the gospel. Not that bells, say the advocates of this system, are baptized for the remission of sins, but that they receive power to 'act as preservatives against thunder and lightning, and hail and wind, and storms of every kind, and that they may drive away evil spirits.'"

Other important innovations in church affairs were also effected by Paulinus' first church bell. It changed the entire character of church architecture. That the bells might be heard for a long distance, it was necessary that they be hung at a high elevation. Hence bell towers were constructed, and every high tower in the Christian world owes its erection to the bishop of Nola and his bell.

At first the towers were merely an enlargement of the lantern already described. This was subsequently heightened and frequently finished with a conical roof. To extend this roof to a tapering spire was an easy transition, and thus the church steeple originated, its belfry being known among architects as the lantern to this day.

So runs the story of Paulinus and his godly work and the first Easter bell. Though it rests largely on oral tradition, there is much strong presumptive evidence to support it. The name of his city, Nola, for example, is the name given to a small bell attached to the neck of a dog, the foot of a bird or the housings of a horse. The word campana is the Italian and Spanish name for a bell, the Italian, as we have seen, designating a bell tower as a campanile, both words being clearly derived from the same locality.

Many episodes, commonly accepted as historical facts, rest upon no better authority than that which proclaims Bishop Paulinus the discoverer of the church bell. In these days of research and close investigation it is more than likely that evidence such as will place his fame upon an unassailable foundation will be unearthed in the near future. E. W. POTTER.

An Easter Controversy.

IN THE history of the Christian church there has never been any difference of opinion as to why Easter is observed, but there has been a good deal of controversy as to when it should be kept. This was perhaps because Easter is one of the movable feasts and not fixed to one particular day like Christmas. Easter day moves backward or forward according as the full moon next after the vernal equinox falls nearer or farther from the equinox.

In the prayer book of the English church the following is given as a rule to find Easter: "Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March, and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday Easter day is the Sunday after."

About the year A. D. 158 a controversy arose as to the date of Easter which divided all Christendom. This difference arose originally between the churches of Asia Minor and the then so called churches of the west, the former insisting on keeping Easter the same day as the Jews kept their Passover. Toward the end of the century the discussion became so violent that Victor, the bishop of Rome, issued an apostolic canon decreeing that "if any bishop, priest or deacon celebrated the holy feast of Easter before the vernal equinox, as the Jews do, let him be deposed."

In the fourth century matters had gone to such a length that the Emperor Constantine thought it his duty to allay the controversy. So he got an ecclesiastical canon passed that Easter should be observed on one and the same day, but the controversy continued until A. D. 664, when Oswy, king of Northumbria, determined to take the matter in hand and called a conference, at which he himself presided. Colman, bishop of Lindisfarne, represented the British church, while Agilbert, bishop of Dorchester, headed the Romish party. After much discussion the king finally decided the question in favor of the present existing method of keeping Easter, and from that day to this the date of Easter has depended upon the moon's changes.

All the movable feasts and fasts of the year depend upon Easter. The nine Sundays before and the eight after depend upon it, and form, as it were, a sort of body guard to this queen of religious feasts.

UNIQUE CEREMONIES.

DISTRIBUTING THE "ROYAL MAUNDY" TO THE POOR IN ENGLAND.

His Holiness the Pope Still Washes the Feet of Twelve Poor Old Men—Solemn Observance of Eastertide at the Vatican. A Touching Ceremony.

Nowhere is Easter celebrated with more pomp and ceremony than at the various courts of the old world, even the Protestant rulers retaining many of the quaint observances that originated in mediæval times with the fathers of the Roman Catholic church. Thus in England the old custom of distributing to the poor what is known as the "royal maundy" takes place in Westminster abbey on each Thursday of holy week, on which day the official celebration of Eastertide may be said to begin all over Europe. Royal pageants of hundreds of years ago are dimly suggested when the bishop of Winchester, clad in his episcopal robes and acting in his capacity of lord high almoner to the queen, attended by the dean of Westminster, as well as by the chapter and the choir of the abbey, and escorted by a company of yeomen of the guard in their quaint costumes of the reign of King Henry VIII, marches up the nave and enters the choir of the grand old fane. Seated in rows on either side are the persons chosen as recipients for the royal bounty. As soon as divine service is over and the anti-

A ROYAL ALMSGIVING AT WESTMINSTER.

phon, commencing with the command of Christ to his disciples, "Mandatum novum da vobis," has been chanted by the choir, the distribution of the alms by the lord high almoner takes place. The alms in question amount to about $26 for every man and $21 for every woman, in new silver and gold money specially coined by the mint for the occasion, and are contained in red and white kid purses, to which long tassels are attached. They are borne on a huge gold salver by one of the sergeants of the yeomen of the guard, who is flanked on either side by comrades armed with halberds. The lord high almoner himself is assisted by several gentlemen ushers of the queen, arrayed in gorgeous gold embroidered court uniforms and with scarfs of linen tied across their shoulders, emblematical of the towels used in the days when the British sovereigns used still to wash on this particular day the feet of 12 poor men and 12 poor women.

This custom of washing the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday is still adhered to at the courts of Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Munich and the Vatican. It is a very solemn function, and while it is in progress one of the prelates in attendance reads that portion of the gospel which describes Christ as washing the feet of his apostles. At Vienna and Munich, Madrid and Lisbon, the sovereign is attended on these occasions by the members of the reigning family, by the great dignitaries of the realm, and by the entire court in full uniform. Princes and princesses remove the shoes and stockings of the old men and women, bishops and cardinals hold the gold ewer and basin respectively, while the sovereign kneels before each aged pauper in turn, and after having poured rosewater over their feet dries them with a gold fringed napkin. Afterward the old people are entertained at a banquet, at which they are waited upon by the sovereign and by the princes and princesses present, and at its close the guests are sent to their homes in court carriages, each bearing a handsome present in money.

The pope, while washing the feet of 12 poor old men—which, by the bye, he does in a very conscientious and proper manner—wears a white linen apron over his white cassock. This apron is sent every year by the general of the Benedictine order, who causes it to be cut up and to be used in one of the churches of the order for covering the chalice. His holiness insists on himself serving the 12 aged paupers at the banquet which follows the ceremony, and each one of them finds under his plate a hundred franc bank note.

But the most solemn feature of the observation of Eastertide at the Vatican—in my opinion, at any rate—is when on the following night punctually at 12 a cardinal arrayed in his scarlet robes presents himself and strikes 12 blows on the door of the private chapel of the pontiff. The latter thereupon arises from his knees before the altar, and, taking therefrom a golden crucifix, approaches the window, which is thrown open by the cardinal, and makes with a sweeping and majestic gesture the sign of the cross over the slumbering city at his feet, exclaiming "Et reddidit Spiritum."

This Thursday before Easter is likewise the day on which Emperor William, with his nearest and dearest relatives, but with no attendants of any kind whatsoever, receives the sacrament in the little chapel which has been established in the bedroom of old Emperor William. It is very plainly furnished and lighted by a small silver oil lamp, and after the imperial chaplain has administered the holy bread and wine the illustrious communicants spend half an hour in solemn meditation before returning to their apartments.

On Good Friday a remarkable and unique ceremony takes place in the royal chapel at Madrid. During the course of divine service, just at the moment for the adoration of the cross, the chaplain approaches the kneeling sovereign with a gold salver, on which are full and free pardons for three prisoners lying under the sentence of death, and pronounces these words: "Madam, does your majesty grant her pardon to these criminals lying under sentence of death?"

The queen thereupon touches the papers lightly with her hand and repeats the additional words, "Yes, in pardone, que Dios me perdone" (May God pardon me as I pardon them). EX-DIPLOMATIST.

Love's Resurrection.

Oh, chime of sweet Charity,
Peal soon that Easter begin
When Christ for all shall risen be
And in all hearts new born.
—James Russell Lowell.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 17, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle sts.—Mr. John Hare.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Lilliputians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Geisha."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—T. Q. Seabrooke.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Vaudeville.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A BABYISH AMBASSADOR.

A well bred, considerate Englishman is one of the most agreeable of social acquaintances, but God preserve any social gathering from a John Bull who lacks one or both of these qualities. He is worse than any bull in a china shop. He may have wealth, title and official position, and still remain both a boor and a bore. Queen Victoria, of England, is represented at Washington by an ambassador called Julian Pauncefote, with the prefix of "Sir." Washington is a hospitable place, and an excellent market for the display of "society" snobbery. "Official," and unofficial, women of wealth love to have the symmetrical limbs of foreign diplomats stretched at ease under their dining-room tables. It is "so nice" to have the Right Hon. Lord Fitzdonkey, Sir Judas Rabbitsfoot, the Marquis of Tweedledum and the Earl of Tweedledee for guests! It looks so well in the papers. There, too, is the Chinese mandarin, Hop Long Sing; the Japanese minister, Kamasha Rangoosa; the French General d'Epee; the German Count Weinmeister; the Italian statesman, Signor Macaroni; the Mexican Colonel Tortilla; the Russian Prince Scorchemoff and a whole host of other international celebrities, with a mere American citizen sandwiched in here and there between them. But all the parties named in this connection are satisfied to take "pot luck" and accept any seat given them, the same as in a street car, with thankfulness. Nobody has "kicked" but one disagreeable "Anglo-Saxon," Sir Julian Pauncefote, as aforesaid. The Washington telegrams of last Sunday give the following particulars of his peculiar doings:

"The troublesome question of official precedence bids fair to become a skeleton at all future social feasts here. Recent occurrences plainly indicate that Sir Julian Pauncefote, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain, demands full recognition as a representative of the person of his sovereign, and will accept no compromise. Lately, in response to an invitation to dine at the home of L. Z. Leiter, Sir Julian, it is said, wrote requesting a diagram of the table and the list of guests. To this Mrs. Leiter is understood to have responded, assuring the ambassador that he would be seated in the place of honor. Instead Sir Julian was placed at the right of Joseph Leiter of Chicago, while the Vice-President of the United States occupied the seat at the right of the host. It is said further that Sir Julian commented frankly on the subject to Mrs. Leiter, and that she replied stating that in placing him next to "the heir of the house" she had arranged for the general satisfaction of distinction. A few days ago Gardiner Hubbard, in reply to an invitation sent her majesty's representative to dine, received, it is said, a note similar to that sent Mrs. Leiter by Sir Julian. Mr. Hubbard is reported to have responded, inclosing a list of guests and the information that the dinner being "in honor of the Vice-President of the United States," that gentleman would be seated at the right of his host. Sir Julian promptly forwarded his "regrets," saying that the dignity of his position forbade his occupying any but first place."

We would suggest to Mrs. Leiter and Mr. Hubbard a healthy compromise: Place Sir Julian in a high chair at a table apart, and give him a napkin with the following inscription: "I am the British ambassador. Behold my 'splendid isolation!'"

THE HON. DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

Another of America's picturesque figures passed away in Washington, D. C., last Saturday morning, in the person of the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, ex-United States Senator from that state. He was 76 years old at the time of his death, and had figured in public life for nearly half a century. Mr. Voorhees was a native of Liberty township, Butler county, Ohio, but was carried into Indiana by his parents while still an infant in arms. They settled in the valley of the Wabash river, and this fact fastened upon Daniel, in the zenith of his political life, the figurative title of the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." Some people say that he was really named the "Tall Sagamore of the Wabash" by some political admirer who likened his erect and imposing person to that of the Indian chief Chingachgook, in Cooper's famous novel, "The Last of the Mohicans." Young Voorhees graduated from the De Pauw University in 1849 and immediately began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1851 and soon rose to a high position as a forensic speaker. He was a representative from his district in Indiana during five terms, beginning in 1861. During the war he was accused of leaning too perceptibly toward the Southern side of the controversy, and, for a time, he became politically unpopular with Union Democrats, as well as Republicans. He had few, if any, personal enemies. After a time, the prejudice against him died out, and was only slightly revived when John J. Ingalls, the Senator from Kansas, tore him limb from limb, so to speak, in the Senate during the memorable debate of a few years ago. At the time, Mr. Voorhees genius was on the decline and he left the laurels of victory, almost without dispute, in possession of the razor-tongued Kansan. He came to the Senate, by the governor's appointment, in 1877, on the death of Senator Oliver P. Morton; was elected to the full term subsequently, and served continuously until last March, when his term expired and Indiana went Republican.

The dead statesman was a splendid orator and also a good man of affairs. He had a majestic figure—rather of the old Southern type—and a handsome, pleasing countenance. In manner, he was courtesy itself, and he treated rich and poor, high and low, men and women with chivalric urbanity. Until within the last few years, Mr. Voorhees looked like a hale man of fifty, and was, certainly, the best known figure on the beautiful promenades of America's lovely capital. He will be sadly missed by thousands, political opponents as well as party friends, for he was, as a man and an associate, held in the highest regard by all who knew him.

"The speech made by Mr. Voorhees at Harper's Ferry, in 1859, in defense of John E. Cook, one of John Brown's followers, first gave him a national reputation," says the Washington correspondent of the Inter-Ocean. "His speech to the jury was published at home and abroad, and attracted wide attention. Later on came his defense of Mary Harris in this city; Darry Crawford Buck, at Frederick, Md.; Capt. Edward T. Johnson, at Greenville, Tenn.; James Arnold, at Nicholasville, Ky.; Willis W. Hasktine, at Stevens Point, Wis.; James Nutt, at Pittsburg, Pa., and other celebrated trials that attracted wide attention at the time. A volume of Mr. Voorhees' jury speeches has been published by his son, but the edition has long since been exhausted.

"Mr. Voorhees met Mr. Lincoln while practicing law, and although he was eighteen years younger than the martyred president, the two became fast friends, and frequently occupied the same room at hotels at which they stopped while traveling from circuit to circuit looking after their law practice. In this way Mr. Voorhees became intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, with whom he remained up into the small hours of many a night, while the man who was to be a martyred president entertained him from that rare fund of anecdote for which he was famed. Mr. Voorhees had the most profound respect for Mr. Lincoln.

"In his political life Mr. Voorhees was aggressive, but always frank, and his peculiar hold on the Democracy of his own state was largely the result of that power which he possessed of retaining the friendship of the men with whom he was once associated."

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Mr. Voorhees' old competitor for senatorial honors, was interviewed in regard to the distinguished gentleman's death at Indianapolis, and answered, with characteristic magnanimity:

"I have heard of the death of Senator Voorhees with great regret, and with some surprise, for when I was last in Washington, Mr. Spofford told me in response to an inquiry as to Mr. Voorhees' health, that it was much improved and that there was a good prospect that he might have some years of quiet but not inactive life. Mr. Voorhees when not in the heat of political controversy was a man of unmistakable kindness and generosity, and even the stings of controversy were soon forgotten. He was always ready to serve his friends, and always judged their capacities and character favorably. Mr. Garland once told me that Mr. Voorhees, when urging upon him the appointment of a young Indiana friend as Assistant Attorney-General, reached the climax of his panegyric by saying:

"'Garland, I tell you he is the best lawyer I ever knew.'

"To this Mr. Garland replied:

"'Well, that settles his case, Mr. Voorhees; for I am not going to have an Assistant Attorney-General who is a better lawyer than I am.'

"Many a Republican has found in Mr. Voorhees a willing and serviceable friend. He labored unselfishly and beyond his strength for all who appealed to him. It must have been a great joy to him that he lived to see the great national library completed, for as a member of the joint committee on the library he gave himself from the beginning with great enthusiasm to the enterprise. He had maintained a long and strong hold upon his party in Indiana, and had participated in some of the most stirring scenes in the history of Congress. His children will have the sympathy of all our people. He and I had some rather sharp contests, but our kindly personal relations were never broken."

Words like these, from an honest antagonist, form a tribute to the memory of Senator Voorhees that will endure longer than monuments in marble or in bronze. It is the estimate that one great American places upon the merits of another, albeit of different political faith.

CULTIVATING IRISH RACE PRIDE.

The learned Protestants of Ireland are affording a great deal of assistance to their erudite Catholic brethern in placing before the literary world the merits of ancient Gaelic literature. Ireland has suffered greatly, from the chronic ignorance of the outside world in her regard, and also from the enforcedly unlettered state of a large majority of her own people during the terrible penal law periods of her history. Until 1829, there was great excuse for the literary backwardness of the Irish nation, as a whole. Now no such excuse exists, because education is at the people's doors in Ireland, if they only choose to make use of their opportunities, and it has been, in one form or another, for half a century. "An educated people," said Grattan in the Irish house of commons, "can never remain enslaved!" Another of his aphorisms was, "Educate that you may be free!"

We are, therefore, glad to find the Rev. Dr. Bernard, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, contributing to our stock of race pride by lecturing on "Celtic Manuscripts and Their Scribes" in the Irish capital. One trouble with Irish manuscripts, he said, was that they were in a measure inaccessible to the ordinary people because of the growing limitation of the language in which they were written. Most persons who took any interest in the subject knew that there were manuscriptal monuments of Irish civilization preserved in the leading Dublin libraries. Those of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy were especially rich in them, but the nature and contents of these books, their dates and the personalities of thair authors and the language in which they were written, were all matters that were left to specialists, and the general public was not well informed regarding them as a rule. He intended to deal in his lectures with the most remarkable of these Dublin manuscript treasures and avail of the opportunity of illustrating them by photographic reproduction afforded through the generosity of his friend, the Rev. Stanford Robinson, who lent him most of the lantern-slides, which he would show. He proposed to speak only, with one or two exceptions, of manuscripts which were accessible in their Dublin libraries, chiefly in the hope that it might lead to the increased study of the subject.

"It had been lately observed by an English writer that the spectacle of Irish education in the early Middle Ages—viz., the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth centuries—was the great marvel in the history of writing. In those days, when Europe was being reclaimed from barbarism, the scribes were held in great honor in Ireland. The penalty for killing a scribe was as heavy as that for killing a bishop or an abbot. It was hard to fix the exact date of any particular Irish manuscripts of that period—as between, for instance, the Seventh and Eighth centuries. There was a national type of handwriting which must have come to them, as nearly as everything else came in those early days, from Gaul. As to its ultimate source, however, whether they were to look for an exemplar for their penmanship in the manuscripts of Italy or Eastern models, was a much-vexed question. It seemed to him, however, impossible to doubt that the writing of their earliest Irish was got from manuscripts like those written in the round in Italy and France in the Fifth and Sixth centuries.

"The lecturer then proceeded to give views on the screen of the various old manuscripts. The first was the Sixth century copy of the Gospels in Latin, preserved in the library in Paris, and the characteristics of the writing were pointed out in detail. Two pages of fragmentary manuscripts of the Latin Gospels were next presented. These were preserved in the library of Trinity college, and came to them from the collection of Archbishop Ussher. Its date was probably the end of the Sixth century. Another manuscript shown was a page of what was known as the Battle Psalter, ascribed by tradition to St. Columba, the date of which was probably the Seventh century. The Book of Kells was one of the most wonderful specimens of illuminated writing in the world. A particularly interesting manuscript, but very fragmentary, was that which was long supposed to be a copy of the Gospels belonging to St. Patrick, but it was very old—probably the Eighth century at latest. Some persons have endeavored to trace an analogy between some of the old Irish illuminations and those of the Assyrians, but this seemed to him a purely fanciful idea. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he saw an Irish manuscript during a visit to the county Kildare, said the workmanship appeared to him more angelic than human."

The Danish invaders destroyed most of the ancient Irish libraries, as the Goths and Vandals did those of Rome. It may be rightly stated that Ireland has not enjoyed political rest—unless that of exhaustion be called such—since the landing of the Norman-English late in the Twelfth century. Between them and their kinsmen, the pirate Danes, she was robbed of her early literary treasures to a great extent. It is, therefore, not wonderful that the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh centuries—or most of those periods which comprehended the time from the evangel of St. Patrick to the first Norseman incursion—should have been the golden age of Celtic literature in Ireland. This has been authenticated by French, British and other writers beyond chance of contradiction. Montalambert's "Monks of the West" sheds more light on the civilization of primitive Ireland than any other work written outside of her confines.

We think, and have always thought, that the chief fault of the average Irish person, particularly when thrown among hostile elements, is lack of race pride. It is the custom among those who have no ancestry to sneer at pride of descent. Of course every man in a republic must stand or fall on his own merits, or, at least, he ought to; but individual pride of blood is mere personal vanity. Racial pride of blood is quite another thing. The English, a comparatively new and patchwork people, are continually boasting of their Anglo-Saxon pedigree. Yet the ancestors in whom they glory were soft churls, utterly unfit to cope with the hardy and daring Normans who conquered them. The Irish, on the other hand, can safely lay claim to an antiquity equal to that of the Hebrews. They are no people of yesterday, and, for their letters patent of ancient respectability they can point triumphantly to the manuscripts of their scribes and to the vivid pages of Montalambert. The Irish tongue was spoken by a free people when the ancient Britons painted themselves like Indians, and were scantily clad in the skins of wild beasts, and when the Angles and the Saxons, restless tribes of freebooting adventurers, wandered aimlessly on the shores of the Baltic, until the idea of the settlement of Albion caused them to fling their "banded swarms" on her easily conquered shores. The Irishman, who knows the history of his race, can say to the "Anglo-Saxon," wherever met, "Cease your vainglorious boasting. When you were ignorant, I instructed you. When you were barbarous, I civilized you. When you were a fugitive, I sheltered you. How did you repay me? By aiding the Norman, who made you a slave, to trample on my liberty. You surrendered to him after one defeat—one only. I have fought against him since 1169 and will keep on fighting 'by work or word by voice or sword' until I finally drive him, and you with him, from Irish soil."

DEVELOPMENT OF IRISH LITERARY TASTE.

A learned friend said to us recently, while discussing the characteristics of the different elements comprehended in the American body politic, that "the people who read most will eventually predominate in the government of the Republic." In this we thoroughly agree with him, and, in doing so, take occasion to observe, we hope without offense, that many Irish-Americans, who have both wealth and leisure, rarely bother their heads much about the student habit, but prefer what may be called the more vital enjoyments of dancing, yachting and driving, which are very well in their way, when moderately pursued. At the same time, the cultivation of history, biography and general literature would not materially interfere with the more exciting physical enjoyments. The home of every wealthy Irish-American in the United States should possess a choice library. Many such homes do, but we know many among the less fortunate financially of our race, who own better selections of books than their wealthier brethern. We are glad to observe the vitality of the Irish-American Lyceum, composed mainly of young men, and presided over by William Dillon, the able editor of the New World. The Lyceum has, evidently, taken for its model the old Irish Literary Association, which flourished here twenty, or more, golden years ago, and comprised among its members many who have since become prominent in public life, and who first engaged in give and take debate under its auspices. Among the more prominent, we recall the Hon. A. L. Morrison, who will probably be the next governor of New Mexico; the Hon. William K. Sullivan, a distinguished journalist and legislator; the Hon. Daniel Scully, now no more; the Hon. James Goggin, Judge of the Superior Court; the Hon. E. F. Dunne, Judge of the Circuit Court; Patrick McHugh, William J. English, able lawyers of this city; the Hon. Arthur Dixon, Maj. William C. McClure, Col. James Quirk and his brothers, Captains Daniel and Bartholomew Quirk; Simon J. Forhan, assistant attorney of the Drainage Board; John M. Carroll, a prominent merchant; the late John J. Fitzgibbon, President of the Calumet National Bank, who was the first president of the association; the late Dr. George P. Cunningham, for a long time physician of the public institutions at Dunning, and many more.

During the period of its existence, the Irish Literary Association met several debating societies of the city on divers questions, and never failed to score a victory. The presiding officer in every case was a non-Irish-American. That society did a vast deal in spreading a knowledge of Irish history among the American people of this community, and numbered among its warmest friends the great editors of the period, prominent among whom may be mentioned the late Joseph B. McCullagh, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, then of the Chicago Republican, and the Hon. Joseph Medill, then, as now, editor of the Chicago Tribune.

We think the Irish-American Lyceum ought to, if possible, secure a place of meeting in some central locality, and make an effort to extend its usefulness in this community. There could be no better school, if wisely conducted, for the expansion of Irish-American thought and influence. A library would be an indispensable adjunct to such an organization.

In a recent very clever article on the subject of "Books," Lady Cook, formerly Miss Tennessee C. Claflin, says:

"The greatest delight of leisure is, that it permits us to converse with books, to refresh our souls with spiritual communion, and to enlarge them by exploring throughout new fields of knowledge. A book is the truest and most companionable of friends. It never wearies of our society, never resents neglect, and is ever ready to amuse or instruct us. Acquaintances come and go, and are forgotten; friends fall out or grow lukewarm. But a good book sticks firmer than a brother. Whatever our age, mood and culture may be, we can find a book or many books—to fit them.

"Many people do not read so much for learning as for pleasure. But when genius amuses it also instructs. The folly of fools is to that, of the wise as lead is to gold. The diamond and a lump of charcoal are both carbon, but one is black and rayless, while the other flashes and scintillates with glowing coruscations. And it is as easy, when we are acquiring the habit of reading, to form a taste for good books as for worthless ones, to learn to appreciate genius as to be pleased with mediocrity. Those whose taste is discriminative will never tolerate a trashy work, but those who have not been rightly trained to the habit of reading will find pleasure in any literary garbage; and thus of the making of this stuff there is no end.

Some clever persons have been hardy enough to attempt to catalogue the best hundred books. It would be easier and wiser, however, to name two hundred good books. For who can determine absolutely and superlatively as to the true ratio of excellency among so many? We call that best which we like best, and our judgments and affections are often at fault. Besides, no two think or feel alike. There are readers who consider Chaucer dull, who cannot endure Don Quixote, and whom Montaigne's Essays would fatigue. There are others who consider Longfellow a superior poet to Byron, and many grown men of education and position delight only in boys' tales. Kipling and Ouida have been banished or shut out from several public libraries, and we cannot buy a book at a railway station to relieve the tedium of a journey, unless, forsooth, it has first received the censorial approval of a bookselling monopoly, which—pardon it, shade of great Milton!—could, if it chose, exclude 'Paradise Lost' from its stalls—suum cuique, authors and readers included.

We are told that Melancthon's library contained four authors only—Pliny, Plutarch, Plato and Claudius Ptolemy. It is evident, therefore, that the size of a collection is not so important as carefulness in its selection. A single book may be worth a whole library of inferior productions. Louis Kossuth, while imprisoned, learned English and became a brilliant English orator, and we have his authority for it that his sole teacher was William Shakespeare. Many have formed magnificent libraries solely from ostentation. More than two centuries ago, LaBruyere said of a rich but illiterate collector of splendidly bound books, who had invited his inspection: 'I thank him for his politeness, and as little as himself care to visit the tan house which he calls his library.' And Lucian said to such another fifteen and a half centuries before LaBruyere, "Why do you buy so many books? You have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you insist on fine musical instruments.'

Fire and war, patriotic malice and religious fanaticism, have been the chief enemies of books. The Persians destroyed those of the Egyptians and Phœnicians; the Romans burnt those of the Jews. Christians and philosophers; while the Jews burnt Christian and Pagan works, and the Christians in their turn, Pagan and Jewish. The orthodox have always destroyed the books of the heterodox. In this way the glorious libraries of Alexandria and Constantinople perished, and many others before and since.

There is no republic like that of letters—it embraces the world. When war was raging between France and England, the exchange of honors and courtesies between their learned bodies was in no way affected. Books have not only this harmonizing influence on individuals and coteries, but on nations also, and the public mind of Europe has been formed by them since printing was invented."

The suggestions of Lady Cook, who is a literary woman of international celebrity, are worthy of careful consideration by the Irish-American Lyceum, and all other societies, or individuals, interested in the development of Irish-American literary taste and culture. Knowledge of the methods and practise of debate will do more for the participator than the best efforts of the college professors. A practical knowledge of the art of speaking, as developed in the Lyceums, is a fine accomplishment—almost a necessity—in a country where the people rule, and like to be ruled over, when not perverted by bosses and demagogues, by men capable of legislating for the interests of the state or nation in clear and vigorous language.

HON. CARTER H. HARRISON, now Mayor of Chicago, returned from the Virginia Hot Springs last Saturday and was installed Thursday evening. At the hour of going to press, no official announcement of his most important appointments had been made, although many statements, more or less unauthentic, had been set afoot.

MR. THOMAS F. KEELEY and the Misses Keeley, who have been making an European tour, returned home last week. They had most enjoyable experiences during their prolonged visit abroad.

IF the ladies are going to join the militia and they undertake to fight the men for the attainment of female suffrage, the lords of creation will have to call upon the police to protect them. Mars would have no show against Bellona without the clubs and stars.

MR. THOMAS KELLY of Fond du Lac, Wis., one of the foremost stock dealers of that state, left for Ireland, via the Michigan Central railroad, today, accompanied by his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will be absent until the first week in July. THE CITIZEN wishes them a pleasant voyage.

THE Limerick Leader is rejoiced to learn that the Royal Irish regiment (formerly the 18th of the Line) is about to return to the City of the Violated Treaty. The regiment ought to feel at home in Limerick, because a "depot battalion" of it has slept under the pavements of Garryowen since the 27th day of August, 1690, when a couple of hundred of the 18th died in the breach at the hands of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen. They have been a "quiet and well behaved garrison" ever since.

THE construction of the new steamer Oceanic, which Messrs. Harland & Wolff are building for the famous White Star Line, has aroused much interest. The Oceanic will be 704 feet over all, and 680 feet between perpendiculars. The Great Eastern was 679 feet in length over all, so that the Oceanic will be the longest steamer ever constructed.

PARIS YOUNG IRELAND SOCIETY.

The Paris branch of the Young Ireland society held its eleventh meeting on the evening of March 25. Among those present were Mrs. Lynch, who was in the chair, Miss Maud Gonne, Miss M. Barry Delany, Miss Powell, Mr. C. Healy and Count d'Alton-O'Shee. Letters were read from Mme. Rowley, whose illness prevented her from attending the meeting, and from Mr. Stephen MacKenna, who was also unable to be present. Miss M. Barry Delany proposed that a vote of condolence be passed to Mme. d'Abbadie on the death of her husband, the late president of the Societe Sainte Patrice, seconded by Mr. Healy, and carried unanimously. It was announced that the first number of L'Irlande Libre, the forthcoming paper of the Paris Young Ireland society, would appear on April 15; also that fourteen new associates had been received into the society, and that "Les Voix de l'Aurore," by Achille Steens, secretary of the Cuban committee in Paris, and "Home Rule," by "Lex," were presented by their authors to the library. Several letters of congratulation and good wishes from at home and abroad were read. The meeting then adjourned.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and it acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

MY YOUNG LOVE FAR AWAY.

BY P. T. M'G.

How sweetly does each hill and vale
Assume its genial hue;
How sweetly does the gentle gale
The stately chestnut woo;
How sweetly to his little mate
The small bird chants his lay—
So I will wake my muse and sing
My young love far away.

How pleasant now does earth appear
When nature dons her bloom,
Her fragrant flowers the atmosphere
With sweetest scents perfume.
My spirit though these charms soothe,
My fancies from them stray
To her, the dearest, sweetest flower—
My young love far away.

Sweet is the mild autumnal eve
When ripening waves the corn,
And sweet the summer flowerets weave
Their spangled robe at morn,
But sweeter than the morning's smile
Or evening's sinking ray,
And purer than the opening flower—
My young love far away.

When pleasure calls, at evening's close,
The gay, the young, the dear,
And every heart with rapture glows,
But mine alone is drear;
For sad remembrance brings me back
The joys I've seen decay;
For she who made them dear has fled,
My young love far away.

Though balmy smiles, with gentle beam,
Have oft around me shone,
And brilliant eyes, their sunlight gleam,
Have softly o'er me thrown,
Yet that exquisite loveliness,
That makes my heart feel gay,
Does she, and she alone possess—
My young love far away.

But pleasure cheerfully invites
To happy days to come;
And hope the mystic future lights
And wafts my maiden home.
Roll on, old time; thy moments speed
And haste that happy day
That brings me back, with Ireland free,
My young love far away.

DEPEW'S GENIAL HUMOR.

Chauncey Depew is, undoubtedly, the first of American after-dinner humorists, and the best thing about his humor is that it carries no sting with it. Chauncey is "a right down good fellow," even if he is a "railroad mandarin" and a "multimillionaire." Irishmen can make and take jokes, and when anything good is said at their expense, so long as it is not an insult to the race at large, they enjoy it as much as any other people. Joe Choate made an ass of himself at a banquet given by the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick two years ago. He is a man of wit and ability, but he has a rank, knownothing heart, and showed himself a vulgar fellow by openly insulting, for the sake of the flattering applause of bigots, his hospitable hosts. Mr. Depew addressed the same body on St. Patrick's night, and we cannot refrain, although it be somewhat belated, from reproducing a few of his bright remarks, which were received with applause and uproarious laughter. Said the good-natured Chauncey, in part:

"It has been the delusion of statesmen in all ages that bigness is power. If that were the case there would not be in every clime, in every country and among people civilized, barbarous and savage tonight, a company of Irishmen celebrating the glories of a little island inhabited by about five millions of people. China is big, with her four hundred million, but she is a cipher; Russia is big, with her territory almost as large as the rest of Europe and her hundred millions, but her influence is bounded by the site of her fortresses and the camps of her armies. Rome was big, but Athens, with a population and territory about the same as the Greater New York, dominated her literature, her art and her jurisprudence, and today furnishes the models in art, literature and eloquence to the modern world.

The secret of immortality and of influence is liberty. The power of Ireland in the British Partiament, the interest in Ireland among all peoples and the commanding position of the Irish wherever they settle are because the story of the Emerald Isle is one long and ceaseless battle for liberty. It is liberty which inspires every American to long for the success of the Cuban patriot. It is liberty voiced in Halleck's immortal 'Marco Bozzaris' which stirs American manhood and womanhood for the success, of Greece against the Powers of Europe. (Applause.)

Grattan, O'Connell, Phillips and Curran have filled the school books with the eloquence and the lessons of liberty. Every American boy learns them and is inspired by them. Irish poetry, Irish melody, Irish fiction, Irish oratory, all breathe love of home, and that home under the flag of freedom. You, gentlemen, are temporarily out of power in this city, which you captured and held and governed so long. But every Irishman I meet tells me that he is returning to power. He says we have had Yankee reform with Mayor Strong and Dutch reform with Brother Roosevelt and German reform with Sheriff Tamsen and Hebrew reform with Brother Einstein. Now he says let us have some up-to-date Irish reform. (Laughter.)

I stopped a few days in a rural New England town last summer where several abandoned farms had been taken up by the Irish and made to pay. I said to a Mayflower descendant in the village of the town: 'How are politics up here?' 'Well, he said, 'we have six offices in this village—the President of the village, the Justice of the Peace, the Tax Collector, the village Clerk and two Constables—and they are all filled by Irishmen.' I said, 'How many Irish voters have you in the village?' and he said, 'Six.' (Laughter.)

Well, my friends, may I meet you in full vigor, health and hilarity for a quarter of a century to come, as I have for a quarter of a century past, on each recurring St. Patrick's Day. Never forgetting the old sod, you are always loyal to the land of your adoption. By the drop of Irish blood in my veins, which comes through one of my great-grandfathers, and by the common tie of human interest in that which deserves prosperity and success, I join you in the sentiment, 'God bless and prosper Ireland.'"

THE CITY COUNCIL.

How the Different Wards Voted—Composition of the New Body.

1ST WARD.
Gleason, R....1,811
Kenna, D.....4,353
King, Ind..... 337
Cantwell, Ind.. 92
Rossi, Ind..... 14

Kenna's maj..2,099

2ND WARD.
Eddy, R.....2,390
Cook, D.....3,098

Cook's maj... 708

3RD WARD.
Alling, R.....3,023
Stafford, D....2,981
Clancy, Ind... 108
Rexroot, Ind.. 33

Alling's plu.. 43

4TH WARD.
Crilley, R.....2,652
Ballenberg, D.3,146
Shibley, Ind..1,109

Ballenberg's plurality... 494

5TH WARD.
Cloidt, R.....3,230
Daley, D.....2,958
Tychen, Ind... 30
Mette, Ind.... 232
Kinst, Ind..... 55
Doerr, Ind.... 53
Schmidt, Ind.. 75
Calley, Ind.... 161
Kennedy, Ind.. 721

Cloidt's plu.. 272

6TH WARD.
Dunbar, R....2,154
O'Brien, D.....5,052
Umbach, L-D.1,683
O'Brien's majl,215

7TH WARD.
Haas, R..... 792
Feck, D.....2,348
Marcus, Ind... 25
Murphy, Ind..2,313

Feck's plu... 35

8TH WARD.
Siktya, R.....2,704
Bennett, D....3,190
Mueller, Ind.. 104

Bennett's plu. 486

9TH WARD.
Dwyer, R.....1,390
Hurt, D.....2,751
Meims, Ind.... 873
Cullerton, L-D.2,440

Hurt's plu... 311

10TH WARD.
Novak, R.....5,253
Biemel, D.....6,352
Koop, Ind.... 196

Biemel's maj. 903

11TH WARD.
Duddleston, R.3,906
Avery, D.....3,357

Duddleston's majority... 521

12TH WARD.
Campbell, R..3,666
Francis, D....6,139
Whitcomb, I.. 65
Lane, Ind.....2,050
Ahrens, Ind... 815

Francis' plu..2,437

13TH WARD.
Swigart, R....3,159
Little, D.....5,058
Bartholomew, I 427
Blessing, Ind.. 138
Scattering.... 103

Little's maj..1,230

14TH WARD.
Mugler, R.....2,986
Ziehn, D.....5,911
Bannerman, I.. 618

Ziehn's maj..2,279

15TH WARD.
Haas, R.....2,218
Tuite, D.....4,570
Meims, Ind.... 359
Daehn, Ind.... 63
Wampold, Ind.. 62

Tuite's maj..1,868

16TH WARD.
Dahlmann, R..1,756
Ludolph, D....3,720
Kunz, Ind.....3,281
Schroeder, I... 210
Gorney, Ind... 9

Ludolph's plu 436

17TH WARD.
Revere, R.....1,610
Maggio, D.....1,059
Walsh, Ind.....1,605

Okerlund, Ind. 131

Revere's plu.. 5

18TH WARD.
Mason, R.....1,721
Brennan, D....5,578
Roberts, Ind.. 27

Brennan's mj.4,330

19TH WARD.
Meaney, R.....1,195
Haberkorn, D.3,471
Touvin, Ind... 28
Romano, Ind..1,178
Rossi, Ind..... 52
Cardwell, Ind.. 105
Morris, L-R...3,013

Haberkorn's plurality... 458

20TH WARD.
Eisfeldt, R....2,192
Alwart, D.....2,794
VanBuren, I... 299

Alwart's maj. 303

21ST WARD.
Link, R.....2,002
Mangler, D....3,949
Schuerman, L.. 144

Mangler's mj.1,803

22ND WARD.
Burmeister, R.1,416
Wendt, D..... 887
Ulrich, Ind... 21
Maltby, Ind...4,014

Maltby's maj.1,720

23RD WARD.
Livingston, R.1,947
Lyman, D.....3,300
Lindell, Ind...1,230
Sheerin, Ind.. 29

Lyman's maj. 103

24TH WARD.
Carpenter, R..2,361
Barry, D.....3,725
Manierre, I....1,332

Barry's maj.. 32

25TH WARD.
Milne, R.....2,772
Kennedy, D....1,908
Hirsch, Ind...4,580

Hirsch's plu..1,803

26TH WARD.
Cannon, R.....4,848
Haynes, D.....4,704
Genm, Ind.... 89

Cannon's maj. 55

27TH WARD.
Kimbell, R....2,084
Leachman, D..1,583
Schwartz, Ind. 873

Kimbell's plu. 501

28TH WARD.
Bortee, R.....1,398
McCarthy, D..2,635
Travis, Ind.... 594
Sayle, Ind.....1,283
Hutchinson, I.. 77
Duhamel, Ind. 11

McCarthy's plurality...1,237

29TH WARD.
McInerney, D..4,482
Carey, Ind....3,323

McInerney's majority...1,159

30TH WARD.
Buchta, R.....4,951
Reichardt, I...6,723
Schmidt, L-R..1,473
Kenney, Ind..1,377

Reichardt's plurality...1,772

31ST WARD.
Sproul, R.....3,466
Kendall, D....2,458
Berlyn, Ind.... 71
Grimth, Ind...1,963

Sproul's plu..1,008

32ND WARD.
Perley, R.....2,978
Nourse, D.....2,544
Nelson, Ind...5,656

Nelson's maj. 34

33RD WARD.
Shepherd, R..2,480
Wiora, D.....3,832
Bergner, Ind..1,299

Wiora's maj.. 103

34TH WARD.
Bennett, R....7,213
Davidson, D..5,287
Gerlach, Ind..1,763

Bennett's plu.1,926

THE NEW COUNCIL.

First ward—John J. Coughlin, D.; Michael Kenna, D.

Second ward—Charles F. Gunther, D.; Patrick J. Cook, D.

Third ward—Henry S. Fitch, Ind.; Charles Alling, R.

Fourth ward—William S. Jackson, D.; Abraham A. Ballenberg, D.

Fifth ward—William E. Kent, Ind.; —— Cloidt, R.

Sixth ward—Charles Martin, D.; William J. O'Brien, D.

Seventh ward—Nathan T. Brenner, R.; Murphy, Ind.

Eighth ward—Frank Meek, D.; John Bennett, D.

Ninth ward—Vaclav Klenha, R.; Rudolph Hurt, D.

Tenth ward—August W. Miller, R.; Peter Biewer, D.

Eleventh ward—Frank F. Gazzolo, Ind.; George Duddleston, D.

Twelfth ward—Conrad Kabler, R.; Joseph H. Francis, D.

Thirteenth ward—William T. Maypole, D.; Thomas F. Little, D.

Fourteenth ward—Albert W. Bellfuss, R.; W. C. L. Zeihn, D.

Fifteenth ward—John Anderson, R.; W. A. Tuite, D.

Sixteenth ward—Peter Kiolbassa, D.; Henry Ludolph, D.

Seventeenth ward—Magnus C. Knudson, R.; James Walsh, Ind.

Eighteenth ward—John A. Rogers, R.; John J. Brennan, D.

Nineteenth ward—John Powers, D.; Joseph A. Haberkorn, D.

Twentieth ward—Charles W. Probst, R.; Fred Alwart, D.

Twenty-first ward—Nathan M. Plotke, R.; William Mangler, D.

Twenty-second ward—John Maynard Harlan, R.; Adolphus W. Maltby, Ind.

Twenty-third ward—Thos. J. O'Malley, D.; William H. Lyman, D.

Twenty-fourth ward — Charles M. Walker, D.; Miles E. Barry, D.

Twenty-fifth ward—August F. Portman, R.; James H. Hirsch, Ind.

Twenty-sixth ward—Wm. E. Schlake, D.; John C. Cannon, R.

Twenty-seventh ward—Hubert W. Butler, R.; —— Kimbell, R.

Twenty-eighth ward — Charles H. Rector, Ind.; —— McCarthy, D.

Twenty-ninth ward — Robert Mulcahy, D.; Michael McInerney, D.

Thirtieth ward—Ethan A. Mowrer, D.; —— Reichardt, Ind.

Thirty-first ward—Clark T. Northrup, R.; Elliott W. Sproul, R.

Thirty-second ward—Wm. Mayor, R.; —— Nelson, Ind.

Thirty-third ward—Cyrus H. Howell, R.; Martin Wiora, D.

Thirty-fourth ward—John B. Math, R.; Frank I. Bennett, R.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Fets Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

Eirghid ar sin, iona m-broinn éigh agus iorghoile, agus Conán Chinn Shléibhe agus a chiann mhalcne d'á g-congnamh ar an bh-faithche amach; acht cheana, do feargadh an t-árd mhileadh uaibhreach ionnsaidhtheach, agus an laoch leadartha loisgneach, agus an torna uathmhar iongantach, agus an buinne bladhmannach borb-threasach, éadhon, Goll mac Mórne mhic Gharraidh Ghlun-duibh, mhic Aodh Dhuanaidh, mhic Aodh Chinn Chláir, mhic Conaill, mhic Saidhbhre, mhic Cest, mhic Mághach, mhic Chairbre Chinndeirg, mhic righ Chonnacht; amhuil ba réimiosa árd-mhir a réim, an tan do chrom fá'n g-cath a g-crioslach a chróin-sgéithe; gur threasgair treoin na d-taoiseach; gur chiorrba uaisle 'na n-deire, agus gur mádhmadh maithe iona meadhon; ionnos gur mionaidheadh agus gur craiplighcadh cosa agus cinn-mhullaigh ris, go ráinig an t-ársa forranta, éadhon, Fionnbharr Máigh Feabhail, agus tuargnaid a chéile, gur ba raeptha ro theasgaidhthe na righmhilidh; agus gur ba taobhleadartha, táimh-righne na tréinfhir ó'n d-trom-ghleo sin; agus ba é crioch a n-imreasáin gur thuit Fionnbharr Máigh Feabhail do bhéimionnaibh glac-láidir Ghoill; agus do thuit Fáilbhe le Caoilte. Sgiúchas an laoch léimionnach luath-ghonach, éadhon, Eochadh Mór mac Lúghaidh, agus ro ghabh ag sladadh na sluaghna, go ráinig an fear fiochmhar forranta, éadhon, Donn Uatha, gur thuargoineadar a chéile, agus dob' é foircheann a bh-feadhma, iad araon do thuitim bonn re bonn, agus beal re béal ar an láthair sin; agus ro thuit Rachta Dearg fó'n ruathar g-céadna re Sgoibsgeine mac Oisin, agus torcradh Róchan re Garraidh Glundubh. Do thuitfodar an dá Sgail re chéile: torcradh na trí Dómhnaill re Conán Maol mac Mórne iona aonar; agus do thuitiodar an dá Charbre re Conán Chinn Shléibhe agus le n-a mhac; acht cheana, is teare tugadh i n-Etrinn riamh cath is feárr tugadh 'ná an cath sin; ór nior mhian agus nior mhaise le ceachtar do'n dá roinn sin teibeadh no teithedh as an láthair catha ionar iounsaigheadar a chéile; ór ba iad dá roinn ba cruadh-chomhlannaidhe 'san chruinne cheathardha iad, éadhon, Fianna feardhacha fuilteacha forranta Fhinn, agus Tuatha déid-ghlan dath-áilne De Danann; agus is beag nár thuitiodar uile ar láthair an chatha sin.

Acht cheana, nior chian go bh-facadar chuca an chuid eile d'Fhiannaibh Fhinn ná raibh i n-a bh-farradh; ionnos, ar a bh-falcsin do Thuatha De Danann, gur ghabh siad réim mádhmadh agus teithedh, ar g-cur an Fhéigh Fhiadha iona d-timchioll; gur thuitiodar talse agus taoibh-néala ar Fhionn féin, agus ar an méid do bhi i n-a fharradh san g-cath, ó íomad na h-iorghaile, agus le forran na feadhma; agus ba longnadh mhór le h-Oisin méid dithe na Féinne san g-cath sin; ór thángadar deich g-céad laoch le Fionn go teach Chonáin Chinn Shléibhe, agus do thuitiodar uile le Tuatha De Danann acht aon chead amhain; agus ladsan féin easbadhach créachtach crói-leointe; agus gan an chuid eile do mhuintir Chonáin Chinn Shléibhe d'airíomh. Dála Fhinn; do rugadh go teach Chonáin ar íomchar é, agus do bhi colgchidhis ar mhiosa anu d'á leigheas; agus an tráth ba in-imtheachtach é, do ghluais féin agus a bheagán Féinne maille ris go h-Almhain leathan-mhor Laighean; agus is fada bhadar i n-Almhain agus a g-créachta d'á g-congbhail i n-otharlulghe sul a bh-fuaradar tátha na leigheas.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

They, thereupon, rushed out upon the green in a dense body, determined upon the performance of great feats and carnage, supported by Conan of Ceann Sleibhe and his sons. But now that proud, aggressive chieftain of champions, the body-mangling fiery hero, the terrible loud thunderer, and the fresh blooming branch invincible in battle, Goll son of Moirne, son of Garraidh Glundubh, son of Aodh Dunaidh, son of Aodh Ceannchlair, son of Conall, son of Saidhbhre, son of Ceat mac Maghach, son of Cairbre Ceanndearg, son of the king of Connacht, became enraged: like a towering mountain under his gray shield was he in battle. He laid prostrate the bravest of their leaders, he mangled the bodies of their nobles, and burst through the ranks of their chieftains: he shortened limbs and delved into skulls, until he reached their pillar of support, Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail himself. They commenced to attack one another, until both the royal champions were mangled and disfigured, in consequence of the hard struggle which they maintained. The result of the combat was that Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail fell by the heavy hard-dealt strokes of Goll. Failbhe fell by the hand of Caoilte. Eochaidh Mor son of Lughaidh, the nimble hero of the quickly-dealt strokes, sprang into the midst of the enemy and commenced to hew down and carve the troops, until he met the furious and valorous man, Donn Uatha: they engaged one another; and the end of the conflict was that both fell foot to foot and face to face on that spot. Rachta Dearg was slain in the conflict by Sgolb Sgeine, son of Oisin. Rochan was slain by Garraidh Glundubh, and the Sgails fell by the hands of each other. The three Domhnalls were slain by the hand of Conan the bald, son of Moirne, without any assistance whatever. The two Cairbres were slain by Conan of Ceann Sleibhe and his son. But few of the battles of Erin were ever fought with such determination as that battle; for no individual on either side wished or was guilty of the dishonor to yield or retreat a single step from the spot on which he engaged his opponent; for they were the two most hard-fighting bodies of men to be found in any of the four parts of the globe, namely, the manly, bloody, robust Fenians of Fionn, and the white-toothed handsome Tuatha De Dananns, and they both were nearly annihilated in that battle.

Soon after, all the Fianna of Erin who had not been present were seen approaching: but when the Tuatha De Dananns saw them, having enveloped themselves in the Feigh Fiadha, they made a precipitate retreat. Fionn himself fell into fainting fits, as well as all those who had joined him in the battle, in consequence of the severity of the conflict, and their extraordinary exertions in it. Oisin wondered greatly at the large number of Fenians who fell in that battle, for ten hundred heroes accompanied Fionn to the house of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, and they were all slain by the Tuatha De Dananns, with the exception of only one hundred and even these were maimed, wounded, or weak from loss of blood; not enumerating the loss of the people of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe. With regard to Fionn, he was carried to the house of Conan, where he remained a month and a fortnight over, under cure. When he was able to remove he and the few Fenians who survived, went to the great extensive Almhain of Leinster, and they remained a long time in Almhain before their wounds were perfectly healed.

(CROCH).

Tired, Nervous and weak men and women find new life, nerve strength, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

Benefit of Edmund Mortimer.

The Illinois Dramatic Stock Company, assisted by professional talent, will give an entertainment at Steinway hall, Saturday evening, April 17, for the benefit of Edmund Mortimer, who has recently recovered from three months of protracted sickness. One of the features of the occasion will be a sketch entitled "An Indiscretion," by Miss Emile Everlett, one of Mr. Mortimer's pupils.

Betty Tudor's Ghost.

Lieut. A. St. Leger Glyn, of the Grenadier Guards, has within the last month asserted that he has seen an apparition in the library of Windsor castle. He states that while reading in the library he became conscious that he was not alone, and, turning round, saw in a recess of the library the figure of a lady walking toward one of the book shelves. The figure, which was in black, then vanished. From Lieut. Glyn's description the librarian had no hesitation in declaring the apparition to be that of Queen Elizabeth. The lieutenant's story has gained credence among the officials at Windsor castle, and he has been interviewed by some members of the royal family.

A LETTER TO WOMEN

From Mrs. James Corrigan.

For seventeen years I have suffered. Periods were so very painful that I would have to go to the doctor every month.

He said that I had an enlargement of the womb, and told my husband that I must undergo an operation, as I had tumors in the womb, and it was a case of life or death.

I was operated upon twice, but it did not seem to do me any good, it made me very weak. I was troubled with the leucorrhœa a great deal.

I also suffered with the sick headache, vomiting spells, backache all the time, terrible pain in my left side, chills, loss of appetite, and could not sleep nights. After taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, some Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I recovered.

I can eat well, and every one that sees me tells me I am a different person. I can do all my own work, sleep well and feel well. I am growing stronger every day, and am able to go out and enjoy a walk and not feel all tired out when I return, as I used to. I doctored for sixteen years, and in all those years I did not feel as well as I do at the present time. I wish that every woman that is troubled as I was, would try that medicine. Oh! it is so good to feel well, and it is all owing to Mrs. Pinkham's kind advice and medicine. —MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, 284 Center St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 500 or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

H.R.EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

GROCERIES.

25 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
Armour's Star Hams, per lb	10 cts
German Mottled Soap, per bar	1¼ cts
P. & G. Amber 16 oz. Laundry Soap	3½ cts
California Prunes, good ones 3 cts; extra large	5 cts
Cleaned Currants or Evaporated Pears, per lb	5 cts
4 Crown California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	4 cts
New York Evaporated Apples, per lb	2½ cts
3-lb cans California Table Apricots, per lb	9 cts
3-lb cans Delaware Table Peaches, per can	7 cts
Gallon cans Apples, per can	12 cts
3-lb cans California Green Gages, per can	9 cts
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	5½ cts
2-lb cans Sugar Corn, Lima Beans, String Beans, or 3-lb cans Pumpkin	4½ cts
Cereal Blend Roasted Coffee, per lb	10 cts
A Good Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	13½ cts
Rich Old Santos Coffee, roasted, per lb	15 cts
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
Sun Cured Japan Tea, 7 lbs for $1.00, per lb	15 cts
Ceylon Tea; it is the coming Tea; per lb	19 cts
Young Hyson or English Breakfast Tea, per lb	14 cts
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb	19 cts
Country Rolls Butterine, per lb	12½ cts
2-lb cans McM. Extra Succotash, per can	6 cts
1-lb can Grampus Salmon, per can	7 cts

Cigars and Tobacco.

Red Rose, a good-flavored, free-smoking cigar, per box of 50	43 cts
Grass Widow, made of select tobacco, a splendid smoke, box of 50	75 cts
Cuban Amazons, long combination Havana filler, finest spotted Sumatra wrapper, box of 50	$1.30
Orignal Sweepers, Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper, box of 100	$1.80
Standard Value, guaranteed clear Havana filler, finest Sumatra wrapper, box of 50	$1.75
A good grade of Smoking Tobacco, per lb	12 cts
Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco, per lb	14 cts
Palo, Jolly Jack, Kingbolt and several other good plugs, per lb	15 cts
Adams' Peerless, per lb	19 cts
Soldier Boy, Red Cross, Duke's Mixture, per lb	24 cts
Plowboy, Navy, Yum-Yum, per lb	27 cts
Star, Horse Shoe, and Spearhead, per lb	33 cts
Durham, per lb	38 cts
Jenkinson's Winner Stogies, per 100	89 cts

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'S BEST MINNESOTA PATENT FLOUR, guaranteed to be the finest flour that can be made, Per Barrel.....$3.99

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

PUBLICATION NOTICE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Cook, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Frank T. Kinnare, public administrator of Cook county Illinois, administrator of the estate of John Conlan, deceased, vs. Anne Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Anne Conlon, deceased, Michael Conlon, Bridget Conlon, Thomas Conlon, Samule Conlon, Bryan Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Bryan Conlon, deceased, Sarah Conlon, Patrick Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Patrick Conlon, deceased, Mrs. —— Conlon, the wife or widow of Patrick Conlon, Eliza Brown, the unknown heirs and devisees of Eliza Brown deceased, Mr. —— Brown, the husband or widower of Eliza Brown, Alfred H. Barr, trustee, Samuel Kerr successor in trust, John Schweyer, the State of Illinois, the County of Cook in the State of Illinois, Maurice F. Mulcahey Attorney-General for the State of Illinois, Jacob J. Kern, State's Attorney for Cook county, Illinois, Mingle Weil, Thomas Napoleon Harris, William McCutchen, Herman Emmert, Hans Heinsen, Lorenz Hansen, Patrick H. Dewdle, the unknown heirs of John Conlan, deceased, and unknown owners.

(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order made and entered in the above entitled cause on the second day of April, 1897, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased to pay the debts of said estate, the undersigned will on Tuesday, the 18th day of May, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board in the City of Chicago, situated at number 30 Dearborn street, in said City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder all the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot number ten (10) in Hassett's Subdivision of the south east quarter of block sixteen in the Canal Trustees' subdivision of section thirty-three (33) in township thirty-nine (39) north, range fourteen (14) east of the third principal Meridian in Cook county, Illinois, disencumbered of all mortgages, judgments and other liens of whatsoever kind or nature. Said sale will be upon the following terms: Six Thousand Dollars in cash and the balance payable in twelve months with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum. Said balance of the purchase money will be secured by a note with good personal security and further secured by a mortgage on said above described real property. The undersigned will deliver no deed or deeds of said premises until the report of said sale of said premises is confirmed by said Probate Court.

Chicago, April 13 1897.

FRANK T. KINNARE,
Public Administrator, Administrator as aforesaid.
Francis T. Colby, Solicitor for Administrator.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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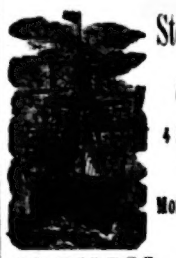

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OPEN EVENINGS.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. March Term A. D. 1897. E. S. Rooks as Receiver of Illinois Paper Company vs. George M. Hill, R. R. McCabe, Eugene A. Weeks, Albert R. Barnes, E. A. Lawson, The Weeks Publishing Company and the E. A. Weeks & Company. In Chancery No. 181,018.

Notice is hereby given to the said E. A. Lawson that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook county, on the first Monday of April A. D. 1897 as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.
Matthew P. Brady, Complainant's solicitor.

A SONG TO THE SULTAN.

Here underneath the palm tree, full of shade,
The poet tasted peace and lingered long.
The master of the faithful he obeyed
And searched the Koran for a theme for song.
The vizier lodged him in his own fair house,
Where wise men gathered in a learned throng.
And when the caliph heard his pious vows
He gave him gifts and shielded him from wrong.

There, in a white walled garden full of trees,
Through which there ran a deep, cold water brook,
Fringed with white tulips and anemones,
Among the tender grass he wrote the book
Of Yousouf and Zuleika. Not one word
Was there of all the windy war that shook
Iran of old, nor was the ear once stirred
With any name the faithful might rebuke.

Nine thousand Persian verses told the tale,
And when the perfect poem was set down
He rose and left the plaintive nightingale,
That long had tuned her throat to his sweet moan,
Before the caliph on a broad divan,
To sound of rebecks, in a silken gown,
He sat in state, and when the dance began
Declaimed aloud that song of high renown.

Its music sank on well attempered ears.
The caliph lounged upon his throne and cried:
"Lo! I this day am as a man who hears
The angel Gabriel murmur at his side
And dies not." At the viewless harem door
The screen was swayed by bending forms that sighed.
And sheiks and soldiers, young and old, for more
Still pressed and wished and scarce would be denied.

Ah, palmy days were those for singer's craft!
Now every worldling flings his cap in rhyme,
And from an easy bow lets fly a shaft
At verse much honored in his grandsire's time;
Now many a ghazel, soft with spices, trips
Along the alien mouth with frivolous chime
And lightly rises from unhonored lips
The ancient rhythm sonorous and sublime.

—Edmund Gosse.

JANE'S JILTING.

As I sit writing in my study I can hear our Jane bumping her way down stairs with a brush and a dustpan. She used in the old days to sing hymn tunes, or the British national song for the time being, to these instruments, but latterly she has been silent and even careful over her work. Time was when I prayed with fervor for such silence, and my wife with sighs for such care, but now they have come we are not so glad as we might have anticipated we should be. Indeed, I would rejoice secretly, though it may be unmanly weakness to admit it, even to hear Jane sing "Daisy," or by the fracture of any plate but one of Mariana's best green ones to learn that the period of brooding has come to an end.

Yet how we longed to hear the last of Jane's young man before we heard the last of him. Jane was always very free with her conversation to my wife and discoursed admirably in the kitchen on a variety of topics, so well, indeed, that I sometimes left my study door open—our house is a small one—to partake of it. But after William came it was always William, nothing but William, William this and William that, and when we thought William was worked out and exhausted altogether then William all over again. The engagement lasted altogether three years, yet how she got introduced to William and so became thus saturated with him was always a secret. For my part I believe it was at the street corner where the Rev. Barnabas Baux used to hold an open air service after evensong on Sundays. Young Cupids were wont to flit like moths round the paraffin flare of that center of high church hymn singing. I fancy she stood singing hymns there out of memory and her imagination instead of coming home to get supper, and William came up beside her and said, "Hello!" "Hello yourself," she said. And etiquette being satisfied they proceeded to talk together.

As Mariana had a reprehensible way of letting her servants talk to her she soon heard of him. "He is such a respectable young man, ma'am," said Jane, "you don't know." Ignoring the slur cast on her acquaintance, my wife inquired further about this William.

"He is second porter at Maynard, the draper's," said Jane, "and gets 18 shillings—nearly a pound—a week, ma'am, and when the head porter leaves he will be head porter. His relatives are quite superior people, ma'am. Not laboring people at all. His father was a greengrosher, ma'am, and had a chumor, and he was bankrup' twice. And one of his sisters is in a home for the dying. It will be a very good match for me, ma'am," said Jane; "me being an orphan girl."

"Then you are engaged to him?" asked my wife.

"Not engaged, ma'am, but he is saving money to buy a ring—hammyfist."

"Well, Jane, when you are properly engaged to him, you may ask him round here on Sunday afternoons and have tea with him in the kitchen." For my Mariana has a motherly conception of her duty toward her maidservants. And presently the amethystine ring was being worn about the house even with ostentation, and Jane developed a new way of bringing in the joint so that this gage was evident. The elder Miss Maitland was aggrieved by it and told my wife that servants ought not to wear rings. But my wife looked it up in "Inquire Within" and "Mrs. Motherly's Book of Household Management" and found no prohibition. So Jane remained with this happiness added to her love.

The treasure of Jane's heart appeared to me to be what respectable people call a very deserving young man. "William, ma'am," said Jane one day suddenly, with ill concealed complacency, as she counted out the beer bottles, "William, ma'am, is a teetotaler. Yes, ma'am. And he don't smoke. Smoking, ma'am," said Jane, as one who reads the heart, "do make such a dust about, besides the waste of money, and the smell. However, I suppose it's necessary to some."

Possibly it dawned on Jane that she was reflecting a little severely upon Mariana's comparative ill fortune, and she added kindly, "I'm sure the master is a hangel when his pipe's alight—compared to other times."

William was at first a rather shabby young man of the ready made, black coat school of costume. He had watery gray eyes and a complexion appropriate to the brother of one in a home for the dying. Mariana did not fancy him very much, even at the beginning. His eminent respectability was vouched for by an alpaca umbrella, from which he never allowed himself to be parted.

"He goes to chapel," said Jane. "His papa, ma'am"—

"His what, Jane?"

"His papa, ma'am, was church, but Mr. Maynard is a Plymouth brother, and William thinks it policy, ma'am, to go there too. Mr. Maynard comes and talks to him quite friendly, when they ain't busy, about using up all the ends of string and about his soul. He takes a lot of notice, do Mr. Maynard, of William and the way he saves string and his soul, ma'am."

Presently we heard that the head porter at Maynard's had left and that William was head porter at 23 shillings a week. "He is really kind of over the man who drives the van," said Jane, "and him married with three children." And she promised, in the pride of her heart, to make interest for us with William to favor us so that we might get our parcels of drapery from Maynard's with exceptional promptitude.

After this promotion a rapidly increasing prosperity came upon Jane's young man.

One Sunday afternoon about that time I was sitting at my writing desk—possibly I was reading a good book—when a something went by the window. I heard a startled exclamation behind me and saw Mariana, with her eyes dilated. "George," she said in an awe-stricken whisper, "did you see?"

Then we both spoke to one another at the same moment slowly and solemnly: "A silk hat! Yellow gloves! A new umbrella!"

That was the culmination of Jane's happiness. When she returned, "Mr. Maynard has been talking to William, ma'am," she said, "and he is to serve customers, just like the young shop gentlemen, during the next sale. And if he gets on, he is to be made an assistant, ma'am, at the first opportunity. He has got to be as gentlemanly as he can, ma'am, and if he ain't, ma'am, he says it won't be for want of trying. Mr. Maynard has took a great fancy to him."

"He is getting on, Jane," said my wife.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jane thoughtfully, "he is getting on."

And she sighed.

That next Sunday, as I drank my t , I interrogated my wife. "How i this Sunday different from all other Sundays, Mrs. Woman? What has happened? Have you altered the curtains, or rearranged the furniture, or where is the indefinable difference of it? Are you wearing your hair in a new way without warning me? I clearly perceive a change in my environment, and I cannot for the life of me say what it is."

Then my wife answered in her most tragic voice: "George," she said, "that—that William has not come near the place today and Jane is crying her heart out up stairs."

There followed a period of silence. Jane, as I have said, stopped singing about the house and began to care for our brittle possessions, which struck my wife as being a very sad sign indeed. The next Sunday and the next Jane asked to go out "to walk with William," and my wife, who never attempts to extort confidences, gave her permission and asked no questions. On each occasion Jane came back looking flushed and very determined. At last, one day she became communicative.

"William is being led away," she remarked abruptly, with a catching of the breath apropos to tablecloths.

"Yes, m'm. She is a milliner, and she can play on the piano."

"I thought," said my wife, "that you went out with him on Sunday."

"Not out with him, ma'am—after him. I walked along by the side of them and told her he was engaged to me."

"Dear me! Jane, did you? What did they do?"

"Took no more notice of me than if I was dirt. So I told her she should suffer for it."

"It could not have been a very agreeable walk, Jane."

"Not for no parties, ma'am."

"I wish," said Jane, "I could play the piano, ma'am. But anyhow I don't mean to let her get him away from me. She's older than him, and her hair ain't gold to the roots, ma'am."

It was on the August bank holiday that the crisis came. We do not clearly know the details of the fray, but only such fragments as poor Jane let fall. She came home dusty, excited, and with her heart hot within her.

The milliner's mother, the milliner and William had made a party to the art museum at South Kensington, I think. Anyhow Jane had calmly but firmly accosted them somewhere in the streets and asserted her right to what, in spite of the consensus of literature, she held to be her inalienable property. She did, I think, go so far as to lay hands on him. They dealt with her in a crushingly superior way. They "called a cab." There was a "scene," William being pulled away into the four wheeler by his future wife and mother-in-law from the reluctant hands of our discarded Jane. There were threats of giving her "in charge."

"My poor Jane!" said my wife, mincing veal as though she was mincing William. "It's a shame of them. I would think no more of him. He is not worthy of you."

"No, ma'am," said Jane. "He is weak. But it's that woman has done it." She was never known to bring herself to pronounce "that woman's" name, or to admit her girlishness. "I can't think what minds some women must have—to set and get a girl's young man away from her. But there, it only hurts to talk about it."

Thereafter our house rested from William. But there was something in the manner of Jane's scrubbing the front door step or sweeping out the rooms, a certain viciousness, that persuaded me that the story had not yet ended.

"Please, ma'am, may I go and see a wedding tomorrow?" said Jane one day.

My wife knew by instinct whose wedding. "Do you think it is wise, Jane?" she said.

"I would like to see the last of him," said Jane.

"My dear," said my wife, fluttering into my room about 20 minutes after Jane had started, "Jane has been to the boothole and taken all the left off boots and shoes and gone off to the wedding with them in a bag. Surely she cannot mean"—

"Jane," said I, "is developing character. Let us hope for the best."

Jane came back with a pale, hard face. All the boots seemed to be still in her bag, at which my wife heaved a premature sigh of relief.

"Quite a crowd at the wedding, ma'am," she said presently in a purely conversational style, sitting in our little kitchen and scrubbing the potatoes.

"It was all extremely respectable and nice, ma'am, but her father didn't wear a black coat and looked quite out of place, ma'am. Mr. Piddingquirk"—

"Who?"

"Mr. Piddingquirk—William, that was, ma'am—had white gloves and a coat like a clergyman and a lovely chrysanthemum. He looked so nice, ma'am. And some one threw a slipper, and then I threw a boot"—

"Threw a boot, Jane!"

"Yes, ma'am. Aimed at her. But it hit him. Yes, ma'am, hard. Gev him a black eye, I should think. I only threw that one. I hadn't the heart to try again. All the little boys cheered when it hit him." After an interval. "I am sorry the boot hit him."

Another pause; the potatoes were being scrubbed violently. "He always was a bit above me, you know, ma'am. And he was led away."

The potatoes were more than finished. Jane rose sharply with a sigh and rapped the basin down on the table.

"I don't care," she said. "I don't care a rap. He will find out his mistake yet. It serves me right. I was stuck up about him. I ought not to have looked so high. And I am glad things are as things are."

My wife was in the kitchen seeing to the higher cookery. After the confession of the boot throwing she must have watched poor Jane fuming with a certain dismay in those brown eyes of hers.

"Oh, ma'am," said Jane, with an astonishing change of note, "think of all that might have been! Oh, ma'am, I could have been so happy! I ought to have known, but I didn't know. You're very kind to let me talk to you, ma'am—for it's hard on me, ma'am—it's har-r-r-r-r"—

And I gather that Mariana so far forgot herself as to let Jane sob out some of the fullness of her heart on a sympathetic shoulder. My Mariana, thank heaven, has never properly grasped the importance of "keeping up her position." And since that fit of weeping much of the accent of bitterness has gone out of Jane's scrubbing and brushwork.

Indeed something passed the other day with the butcher boy, but that scarcely belongs to this story. However, Jane is young still, and time and change are at work with her. We all have our sorrows, but I do not believe very much in the permanency of broken hearts.—Pall Mall Budget.

An Old Newspaper.

An interesting old newspaper is described by a contributor to the Chattanooga Times. He says he owns a copy of the Rogersville Gazette, dated Saturday, Nov. 4, 1815 (volume 2, No. 14), which contains a letter dated Bordeaux, Aug. 25, 1814, stating the downfall of Bonaparte and another article telling of his banishment to St. Helena; an interview with a sea captain Oct. 21, who states that news had reached Havre Sept. 1 (date of sailing) that a treaty of peace was concluded between France and the allied powers and that Marshal Ney, having been tried and found guilty of treason, had suffered military execution; another interview with another sea captain one day later from Havre saying the foregoing reports lacked confirmation when he sailed. It gives lists of unclaimed letters in Rogersville and Blountsville postoffices. A letter from an officer of the regular army in the Creek country recounts the hardships of the soldiers and declares they had not been paid for 18 months to two years and that many were almost naked.

An editorial advocates Monroe for president and asserts, "Federalists dislike him, as they do every conspicuous and virtuous man."

It notes the execution of pirates at Havana and refers to the death of Governor Sevier in speaking of the commission (of which he was a member) running a line in the Creek country.

This paper was addressed to the great-grandfather of the writer in ink and is yet legible, though dim.

St. Patrick and St. Paul.

Some time ago we proved to the entire satisfaction of all the Presbyterians that St. Patrick was a Presbyterian, and now comes the Rev. Dr. Bean's excellent religious family newspaper, The Southern Presbyterian, with a demonstration that St. Paul was a Presbyterian. We note that Brother Bean does not call him St. Paul, but just plain Paul. We do not mind saying that both the Baptists and Roman Catholics lay some claim to St. Patrick, and that their respective claims appear to be very well founded. We would not be surprised if they should now put in a claim to Paul or St. Paul.—Charleston News and Courier.

HIS AMANUENSIS.

SHE WROTE A LETTER FOR THE SICK SOLDIER BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

She Also Brought Him Flowers and Dainty Things to Eat—He Didn't Know Who His "Hospital Angel" Was Until He Returned Home and Saw the Letter.

"I have a letter you would like to see, I guess," said Assemblyman James H. Agen of West Superior.

"With you?"

"No. It is too precious to carry around in a grip or pocket."

"Who wrote it and what does it contain?"

"Let me tell you a story before answering your double question: In 1864, while following Grant near Richmond, and when we had come so close to it that they could hear our muskets and we their church bells, I was stricken with a fever and sent to hospital. In time they landed me, more dead than alive, in one of the great hospitals at Washington. I was a very sick boy. Boy is right, for that was all I was—sweet 16, as a girl of that age would be. For three weeks I had no ambition to live.

"One day, after I had passed the danger point and was taking a little notice of what was going on, a number of ladies came through the hospital. They had baskets containing delicacies and bouquets of beautiful flowers. One of them stopped at each cot as they passed along. A bunch of blossoms was handed to each sick or wounded soldier, and if he desired it a delicacy of some kind was also distributed. Every now and then one of the women sat in a camp chair and wrote a letter for the poor fellow who hadn't the strength to write himself.

"I wanted nothing to eat or drink, but those pretty posies held my attention. One of the ladies stopped at my cot. I hadn't yet got my full growth, and in my then emaciated, pale condition I must have looked like a child. She seemed surprised as she looked at me.

"'You poor child, what brought you here?'

"'They sent me here from the Army of the Potomac.'

"'But you are not a soldier?'

"'Yes, madam. I belong to a New York regiment. The surgeon here has the record.'

"'Can I do something for you? Can you eat something or take a swallow of wine?'

"'I'm not hungry or thirsty.'

"'Can I write a letter for you?'

"'Not today. I'm too weak.'

"'Then I will leave some of these flowers with you. President Lincoln helped to cull them. I will come again in two or three days. Keep up your courage. You are going to get well. You must get well.'

"She was the first woman who had spoken to me since I reached the army. Looking at the sweet flowers which Mr. Lincoln had 'helped to cull' and thinking of the dear woman who had spoken so kindly and hopefully had more effect in brightening my spirits than all else that had occurred in the hospital.

"Three days later the same lady came again and direct to my cot.

"'How is my little soldier boy today?' she asked in a way so motherly that it reminded me of my good mother back in New York, the patriot mother who had given her consent to my going to the war after praying over the matter many times. The hospital angel—that is what we learned to call those noble women—after giving me a taste of chicken and jelly asked if I had a mother. She saw by the tears in my eyes that I had.

"'Now we will write mother a letter.'

"Then she sat by my side and wrote the letter. I hadn't been able to write for a month.

"'I have told your mother that I am near her soldier boy and have talked with him. What shall I tell her for you? That you are still too weak to write yourself?'

"'Please don't tell her that. It will make her worry. Tell her I am fast getting well.'

"The first day I got home my mother asked me how I liked Mrs. Lincoln, the president's wife.

"'I never met Mrs. Lincoln. What made you think I had?'

"Then she took from a box closely guarded in an old bureau a letter. It read like this:

"DEAR MRS. AGEN—I am sitting by the side of your soldier boy. He has been quite sick, but is getting well. He tells me to say to you that he is all right. With respect for the mother of the young soldier,

"MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"That was the first I knew that it was the president's wife who had made me those two visits. I begged my mother to give me the letter. 'You can have it when I am gone.' When she died, a box and an old letter folded in a silk handkerchief were among her gifts to me.

"The box, kerchief and letter will pass along the Agen line as mementos too sacred for everyday display.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Flounces.

Many of the elegant dress toilets of figured india gauze, tulle or French organdie, made up over taffeta or watered silk, have the skirt arranged in a crescendo and diminuendo Spanish flounce that varies from one-half to three-quarters of a yard in depth, its greatest depth being on each side of the skirt. The flounces set on in very fine shirrings, with a small, full frill at the top.

Slandering a Saint.

"Fifteen years ago," said the aged brother, addressing the congregation, "I gladly gave my heart to the Lord."

"And that's the only cheerful gift he ever made," whispered the deacon whose business it was to collect the annual subscriptions.—Indianapolis Journal.

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MOVING THE TIGER.

An Incident of Shifting the Royal Bengal From One Cage to Another.

"Once," said an old circus man, "we had a tiger get loose. This was in a menagerie in a fixed location, where we had been for some time. The cages for the animals were ranged along on a platform around a big floored space for spectators. The show was in a building made for it.

"We had a very good collection of animals, including a full grown royal Bengal tiger. The tiger cage had got rather old, and we set out to shift the tiger into a new one. We had the new cage all ready, and one afternoon after the show was over and the people had all gone we brought it in and moved it up in front of the old cage standing on the platform and blocked it up so that it was on the same level with the other, and then moved the two cages up close together, face to face. The cage doors didn't swing. They slid up through an opening in the roof of the cage, and what we were going to do was to raise these doors when we got the cages close together and drive the tiger from one cage to the other and then shove down the door of the new cage and put that on the platform.

"Well, we got the cages up close together and doors opposite, and a man on the roof of each cage raised the door of that cage, and then we began to prod the tiger to make him go through the opening into the other cage. He started for it and put his paw across the narrow space between the two cages, but instead of putting it over inside the doorway of the other cage he put it against the first bar on the side of the door and pushed on it, and pushed the cage away a little bit. That was bad. We ought to have made the cages fast together, but we hadn't. We tried to start him along a little faster, but instead of going through into the other cage he kept pushing on that bar and pushing the other cage away.

"All this time he was getting a little bit farther out of the old cage, but not into the new one. The man on top of the old cage tried to shut that door down then, so as to pin the tiger in it and hold him till we could drive him back, but the door jammed when he first tried it, and he couldn't budge it, and all the time the tiger was pushing the new cage a little bit farther away and getting farther out himself. The man on top of the new cage was still holding his door open, hoping that the tiger would step across into the new cage yet, and then he would drop it down and hold him, but the tiger kept pushing the cage away till there was easy room, and then he just dropped down on to the floor and walked round the end of the new cage out into the arena.

"'Look out!' says the man on top of the cage, and we did, and left the tiger boss of the show, while we made arrangements to recapture him, and the tiger started in to take a look around on his own account. There wasn't anybody to get in his way. He had the whole place all to himself, and he waved his tail and glared around and started, and kept going till he came to the monkey cage. That seemed to interest him more than anything else, and he made his first stop there and stood waving his tail and glaring at the monkeys. He scared the little monks almost to death, just standing there looking at them, and they rushed over to the back of the cage and flattened themselves against it, trying to get away as far as they could.

"When the tiger pushed his cage away, his paw was against a bar on one side of the door, nearer one end of the cage than the other, and so it was that end of the cage that he pushed out; the other end stayed in by the old cage; it made a kind of V shaped opening between the cages, and the tiger had jumped down into that and gone around the end of the cage that was pushed out. This V shaped space made a kind of shelter, too, when the tiger was around on the other side, as he was when he was looking into the monkey cage, and one of the keepers hurried in with about a quarter of beef and threw it into the old cage and pushed it over as far as he could into one corner.

"The tiger smelled the meat. I suppose he had been thinking about how he would like the monks. He could have eaten about one at a mouthful, and there were just about enough in that cage to make a square meal for him, but the bars were in the way, and he knew what the smell of the beef meant, and he turned away and made for his own cage again, walked across the open space, waving his tail, and walked around the end of the pushed out cage into the little triangular space and jumped up into the old cage and made for the meat in the corner, and a man jumped up on the roof and jammed down the gate.

"Well, you see, there didn't anything very desperate happen after all. Still, it was about as much tiger as we wanted for one day."—New York Sun.

Just a Difference In the Time.

The composer Henry Smart played an organ in a London church, and his recital after church excited much attention, but one morning after a selection from one of Mozart's masses a church warden came into the organ loft and begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided that they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church.

"Very well, sir," was the answer. "It shall be altered."

On the next Sunday dirgelike sounds proceeded from the organ, and the church warden congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music.

"I am glad you like it," answered Mr. Smart. "Doubtless if I played it a little quicker you will see the reason it affected you." And, suiting the action to the word, the popular strains of "Jump, Jim Crow," resounded from the organ.

After this Henry Smart played what he liked.—Pearson's Weekly.

KINSHIP.

There is no flower of wood or lea,
No April flower, as fair as she,
O white anemone, who hast
The wind's wild grace,
Know her a cousin of thy race,
Into whose face
A presence like the wind's hath passed.

There is no flower of wood or lea,
No Maytime flower, as fair as she,
O bluebell, tender with the blue
Of limpid skies,
Thy lineage hath kindred ties
In her whose eyes
The heav'ns' own qualities imbue.

There is no flower of wood or lea,
No Juneday flower, as fair as she,
Rose, odorous with beauty of
Life's first and best,
Behold thy sister here confessed,
Whose maiden breast
Is fragrant with the dreams of love.

—Madison Cawein in New York Ledger.

Hope and Reality.

"I can laugh about it now," said the retired business man, "but at the time it was one of the serious affairs of life. Young Stems and I had been thrown together almost constantly up to the time that each struck out for himself. He was attracted to the west, where he saw visions of a big fortune in a short time, while I decided to avail myself of an opening in the east. There was a good deal of sentiment in our leave taking.

"'We can't be together,' I said, 'but we must never lose track of each other, as so many men do who were friends in their boyhood. I would not care to be prosperous if I knew you were in want unless I could help you, and I'm sure that you have the same feeling in regard to me.'

"Of course he had and immediately made a proposition that at the end of five years after both of us had taken a good twist at the world we render a financial statement to each other, the one in need of money to accept it from the other as a loan."

"Did you carry out the compact?"

"As nearly as possible. On the very date I wrote him that I could pull through on $250 he wrote me that he had a small fortune in sight if he had $300 to tide him over an immediate embarrassment. Each expressed a hope and a confidence that the other had been doing well. Our letters passed, and so did the replies, in which regrets were exchanged because neither was in a position to assist the other. Five years later we were both men of moderate means, and I traveled half way across the continent just that we might exchange assurances that youthful hopes make a striking contrast with the realities of after life."—Detroit Free Press.

The Austrian National Hymn.

The Austrian national anthem is one of the most beautiful of Haydn's melodies and of national hymns. The words of the "Emperor's Hymn" were written by the Jesuit priest L. L. Haschka, and were set to music by Haydn. On Jan. 28, 1797, Count von Saurau, governor of Vienna, issued a decree that "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser" should be the Austrian national hymn, and on Feb. 12 it was by order sung in all the theaters of Vienna. In England it is familiar as the hymn tune "Austria." It is often sung to Newton's lines, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," and sometimes also to Kempthorne's "Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him."

Haydn's affection for this beautiful melody is well known. He afterward employed it for the variations in the "Kaiserquartett," op. 76, No. 3, and when he was near death and too weak to stand he was carried across the room to the clavier and solemnly played the tune three times, according to Herr Pohl, as his farewell to art. William Gardiner, the Leicestershire stocking maker and musical amateur, sent Haydn six pairs of stockings woven with the air of "Gott erhalte" and other melodies.—London News.

Landor and Wordsworth.

Walter Savage Landor was an intemperate person in words and hated Wordsworth. Were there ever more contemptuous words than these of Landor's in reference to Wordsworth? "Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake, and thus far he attained his end. * * * Let him place the accessories on the table, lest what is insipid and clammy * * * grow into duller accretion and moister viscidity the more I masticate it." In Landor's letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson he writes: "We must now descend to Wordsworth. He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, Plato for instance. He speaks contemptuously of the Scotch. * * * I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveler lost in the snow (if I remember it) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem and began instantly to recite a whole poem of his own on the same subject."

HE WANTED A KNIFE.

HOW "BLACK HARRY" TESTED THE DRUMMER'S SAMPLE.

He Displayed Marvelous Skill In Throwing the Knife, and His Ability In That Direction Did Him a Good Turn, as the Drummer Saw.

One day in Leadville, Colo., I had just finished dinner, when a stranger spoke to me in the hotel. We chatted for a minute or two, and then the stranger, whose name I afterward learned was Harry Connor, or Black Harry for short, asked me if I was not selling hardware. I told him I was, and he said he wanted to buy a knife. I said I had some knives with me, but only as samples, and that, of course, I never sold samples. "Well," he said, "that's the reason I came to you. I hunted the town over this morning to find a knife, and I couldn't find one that was worth carrying. I thought probably you might have one or two good ones, and that you would sell one. I don't care what the price is, so it suits me." I finally consented to show him what I had.

I never saw a man examine a knife as he did one that he selected. I had perhaps 40 different ones, but he gave only a glance at the lot and picked out the best one there in an instant. Picking it up, he weighed it in his hand, turned it over and over, ran the edge of it across the back of his thumb nail, as a barber tries a razor, flicked the point with his nail, scrutinized every fractional part of the blade and hilt, and then, grasping it firmly, swung his arm in the prettiest sort of knife play, as if testing its weight and balance still more carefully. Then, stepping over to a wooden bottomed chair, he drove the blade squarely through the 1⅛ inch wood with a powerful blow. Then he threw it at a knot in the wooden partition that separated my room from the next and left the knife sticking squarely in the knot.

"That's a pretty good throw," I said.

"Do you think so?" he answered indifferently, and he stepped over to the partition and drew out the knife, still smiling, and stepping back 12 feet threw it again.

This time he struck the exact spot he had hit at first. I could see but one mark after he had drawn the knife out the second time. "Oh, that's nothing," he said, and with the point of the knife he scratched a rough circle on the wood about the size of a man's hand. Stepping back to where he stood before, he turned his back to the target, and then, looking at it over his right shoulder, he threw the knife over his left, sticking it fairly in the target. Then he reversed the trick, throwing over his right shoulder, and finally, planting himself carefully in the same place, he looked quickly over his shoulder, and then, turning his face directly away, he threw the knife over his head, striking the same target and leaving the knife an inch deep in the wood.

"I want that knife," he said, rather peremptorily, "and I want it just $50 worth." And he pulled a $50 greenback out of his pocket and laid it on the table. I took the money. I thought a man who could use a knife like that ought to have a good one.

I had started out in the evening to see what was going on and had looked in at three or four gambling hells before I came to one where Black Harry sat playing faro. He sat with his left hand toward the door, and as I sauntered up to the table he smiled a little and nodded, but did not speak.

I noticed that he was watching the door. He did not turn his head, but his eyes seemed to be everywhere at once, and, though he was playing steadily, and with fairly good luck, too, I was certain that he saw every motion that anybody made anywhere in the room, excepting of course right behind him.

Presently I noticed that he was watching a man who was just coming in. The newcomer was a stout built, ugly looking fellow, who looked carefully around as he entered and who almost immediately saw Black Harry. He started a little, and then, evidently thinking that Connor did not see him, stepped carefully to his right till he was almost behind where Connor sat. Still Connor did not turn his head, but I could see him watching the other as he stepped slowly around until he was fairly out of the range even of Connor's remarkable eyes. Then I saw Connor suddenly look full at the dealer with a question as plainly expressed as it could have been in words. So I naturally looked at the dealer.

He gave no sign at first that I could see of even knowing that Connor was in front of him, but went on dealing as if there was nothing else in the world to do. Then in an instant his eyes seemed to blaze. When I saw the dealer's signal, I looked back at Connor and in an instant saw a tragedy. The newcomer was drawing a revolver, and at the same time Connor was turning his head and throwing the knife I had sold him. He rose from his chair as he threw it, and the stranger's revolver exploded, but the bullet went wild, for he sank to the floor as he fired, with the point of the knife in his brain.

"Gentlemen," said the dealer before any one else could speak, "I say Black Harry done just right. That white livered cur had sworn to kill him on sight and was shootin from behind. And, gentlemen, it's none of our business what the quarrel was about"—a succinct verdict in which those present unanimously concurred.—New York Sun.

At Long Range.

"I've just expressed my opinion of Snobson, and told him in plain terms what I think of his contemptible meanness."

"Snobson's a pretty dangerous man to talk to that way. I suppose you are ready to back your opinion."

"I am," said the infuriated man as he sealed the letter and wrote Snobson's address on the envelope.—Exchange.

ONE OF THE OLDEST SHIPS.

An American Bark Built In 1764 Still Doing Duty.

The bark True Love, built in Philadelphia in 1764, has been found upon search to be yet afloat in the capacity of a coal hulk, engaged in active trade. This discovery was made through a casualty recorded in the Maritime Exchange as follows: True Love, barge, was in collision with schooner Gravesend of London, off Gravesend, and had port quarter damaged to such an extent that it was found necessary to tow her into Rochester, and she arrived at that place in charge of the tug Commerce. The true Love has not only outlived her builders and their successors, but has also outlived every craft that was built in her time and for many years afterward, and this fact, coupled with the report that the historic craft is still engaged in active pursuits, places Philadelphia at the very top notch as a shipbuilding center.

In 1764, when this famous old craft was launched on the banks of the Delaware, although her length was but 96 feet 8 inches, she was then the largest vessel of commerce that the Delaware had ever floated. Contrast this with the dimensions of the huge Hamburg-American Packet company's steamship Pennsylvania, whose length is 587 feet, and one will be amazed with the magnitude of the modern ship of commerce. The True Love, upon being completed, sailed away from Philadelphia early in 1765, and no record is had of her return to this city until Aug. 22, 1873, when, at the age of 109 years, she came into port from Ivigtut, Greenland, with a cargo of kryolite in command of Captain Thomas Nathaniel, consigned to B. Crowley. She was discharged here and surveyed by the American Lloyds in October, 1873, and sailed away, never to return again. Upon her arrival shortly afterward in London she was sold and turned into a coal hulk, in which capacity she still serves.

The dimensions of this famous True Love are: Length, 96 feet 8 inches; beam, 26 feet 9 inches; depth of hold, 17 feet. She measured 296 tons register, and, like all old craft, carried very little more cargo.

The discovery that there was still afloat a Philadelphia built vessel of such an age has caused much comment on the floors of the Maritime Exchange, and some shipping men are of the opinion that this old craft should, if possible, be purchased as a relic. Records show that the True Love was for a time owned in Hull, England, by G. Dahl previous to her purchase by John S. Ward of London, and during that time she was engaged in the Baltic trade.—Philadelphia Press.

THE PLAYFUL SEAL.

Lots of Fun In Juggling Things In the Water With Its Whiskers.

Seals have on either side of the nose a little scattering bunch of whiskers or bristles something like a cat's whiskers. The bristles of the hair seal—the species at the aquarium at Battery park—are not so long as those of the fur seal, but they are three or four inches in length, and they are white and slender and flexible. The older of the aquarium seals, which has been there about 2½ years, gets a lot of fun out of its whiskers. It juggles things in the water with them for hours at a time.

There may be floating in the pool a fragment of fish skin, for instance, left from the last feeding. The seal will swim under this and raise it on the tips of its slender bending whiskers. The fragment floats away or dodges off with the agitation of the water caused by the seal's motions, and the seal swings its head under it and raises it again on its whisker tips. If it slides down a wave that the seal has raised, the seal swims after it. The seal is a very rapid and graceful swimmer. Sometimes this seal when it has tossed up the fragment of fish skin in this way will turn over in the water with a swift spiral movement and catch the fish skin on its bristles again when it comes up. It is something like a man tossing things up in the air and then turning round and back in time to catch them when they come down.

For hours at a time, as a kitten plays with a ball, the seal juggles this fragment floating in the water.—New York Sun.

Sloping Shoulders.

And now, says a New York fashion writer, comes the disagreeable news that in foreign fashion centers sloping shoulders are to reign. We have it on undoubted authority that the leopard cannot change his spots nor man add one cubit to his stature, yet will the modern exponent of fashion exercise her ingenuity in the alteration of the anatomy above the shoulders. For many years we have worn our shoulders up to our ears, so to speak. Now all is to be changed, and the fashionable woman must assume the virtue of sloping shoulders, though she have it or not. Seams from neck to shoulder point are to be lengthened, and all fullness that remains in the top of the sleeve will tend in a downward direction. The shoulders proper will remain where they are, but will look as if they had received a direct impetus toward the elbow.

Juvenile Theology.

"I know," said little Johnny, sidling up to the preacher while dinner was being prepared, "why the wicked folks is the only ones what gits punished in the next world."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the good man. "I am glad to hear that you know this. And will you tell me why it is?"

"'Cause," replied little Johnny, "the good people always gits it in the neck here."—Cleveland Leader.

In 1471 a French baron offered a pledge of 10 marks of silver that a copy of "Avicenna," which he desired to read, would be returned, and even with this security, equal in our money to over $60, his request was refused.

Saved by an Unspoken Sermon.

How a sermon did good though it was not preached is told by the Baltimore Herald. The sermon was written by the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and the subject of it—the "Unemployed Masses"—was announced in the usual course in the Saturday papers. One of the papers sent a reporter to Mr. Greigg's house and secured a copy—or perhaps an abstract—of the sermon and put it in type for the Monday issue.

At that time evangelistic services were being conducted throughout the city, and the committee in charge of them sent several speakers to address Mr. Greigg's Sunday evening congregation. He at once gave way to the evangelists, and the sermon he had prepared was not preached, but was laid aside for another occasion. The next morning, however, the daily papers contained a long report of the sermon which was as yet undelivered.

On that particular Monday morning there was in Baltimore a homeless and penniless young Scotchman. Every hour his prospects had seemed to grow darker, and finally desperation crushed out what little hope had been left in his heart. He determined on suicide.

With his last few pennies he purchased poison enough to end all and was leaving the drug store when his eyes fell on a newspaper. Probably the glance would have been but a passing one if he had not noticed the headline, "To the Unemployed Masses." This phrase struck a responsive chord, and he read the abstract of Mr. Greigg's discourse.

Then it occurred to him that a minister who preached such a sermon might be interested in his case. The better man in him rose, and he made up his mind to search out the preacher if only as a last resort.

Securing Mr. Greigg's address, he went to the house and was received with a heartiness that changed desperation into hope. The preacher himself was a Scotchman and listened with interest to the discouraged man's story. What was more, he promised help. He communicated with the Scotch societies of the city, and many hands were extended to the young stranger in distress. He was given temporary aid and finally a position, which he is now worthily filling.

And this was the result of a sermon never preached.

Lassoing a Lion.

The traffic in guns and ammunition at this point is likely to suffer a depression if the methods of John W. Owen in hunting wild animals are adopted generally. The other day Mr. Owen and Oliver Peaker were in the Jicarilla mountains, having several hunting dogs with them, but no guns. Besides capturing two wildcats and one fox, their hounds got on the fresh trail of a huge mountain lion, which had just gorged itself with the fresh veal from a calf it had killed. The lion had taken refuge from its pursuers in a tree when Messrs. Owen and Peaker came up and drove it off its perch with clubs. This was repeated until it reached its third resort. Here Mr. Owen, being an expert cowman, and realizing that a few dogs and two unarmed men could not hope to capture an animal of this character by means of noise and only clubs and stones for weapons, concluded to adopt the rope which he knew so well how to use. Taking his lariat in his hand, he climbed the tree to within about six feet of the lion, and, making the throw with care and precision, the animal was caught around the neck just as he was ready to spring at his captor. Mr. Owen dropped to the ground, the lion springing at the same time. When only two or three feet from the ground, the animal reached the extent of the rope, which remained over the limb, with the other end fastened below, and was strangled to death.

This lion was one of the largest ever captured in this region, measuring 9 feet 4 inches from tip to tip and weighing about 300 pounds.

Mr. Owen says that he did not realize that he was in any danger until he had skinned the lion and mounted his horse to ride to camp, when his nerves relaxed and he became frightened.—White Oaks (N. M.) Eagle.

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of the usual curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just o' your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin (i. e., a hare) the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the maukin duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did.

On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he, the housebreaker, could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and 30 years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.

—Westminster Gazette.

The Curse of Officeholding.

In every town there are broad shouldered, stalwart men leading idle lives and complaining that they can get nothing to do. Their ruin dates back from a little federal office, which unfitted them for useful work. They lost their places and will stand around for the remainder of their lives, living on their friends and waiting for an appointment.—Atlanta Sun.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

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Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

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Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

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Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

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Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

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Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

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Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

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Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

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Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

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Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

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Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5405 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

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Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Michaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

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Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

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Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James. Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3881 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

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Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

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Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

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Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
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Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

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Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

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Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

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Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

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Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyas, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Coulin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

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Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 253 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 3620 Drexel av.
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
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